THE Nation

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The Shape of Things

NOT THE LEAST STARTLING ASPECT OF THE "memorial" decreed by John L. Lewis and now concluded was the unanimity with which 425,000 miners downed their picks and resigned themselves to two weeks without pay. Obviously they expected their leader to deliver, as he almost always has done in the past. What did he give them this time? Few persons took seriously the ostensible purpose of the stoppage, which was to demonstrate against the appointment of Dr. James Boyd as director of the federal Bureau of Mines. Lewis must have known that his act would be regarded as rank intimidation of the Senate and could only hasten Boyd's confirmation. It appears that Mr. Lewis had a double purpose: to center attention on the importance of the miners' welfare fund, which he will want to see continued, or even increased, when the present contract expires; and to strengthen his hand at forthcoming negotiations by reducing the large supply of coal now above ground. Whether or not his drastic move will jeopardize repeal of the Taft-Hartley act is impossible to say. Certainly he could have waited a few weeks until the Thomas bill, which would restore the Wagner act, with some amendments, had been debated and put to a vote. As one pro-labor Congressman views his action, it does not "create climatic conditions that would be conducive to the passage of a fair labor bill." But not everything can be blamed on Mr. Lewis. Secretary of Labor Tobin is reported to have told C. I. O. leaders previously that the new coalition in Congress had already made the Thomas bill a "dead duck." Should modifications of the Taft-Hartley act still be under consideration in May, however, a resumption of the miners' walkout could serve to reduce those modifications to a minimum. The political consequences to the Administration in such an event would be serious indeed—serious enough to give Mr. Lewis no end of pleasure.

*

NO ONE HAS A RIGHT TO ASK ANOTHER TO make himself a martyr, or even the principal in a *cause célebre*. We hope Dr. Bryn Hovde will not think us set on seeing him fill any such role when we record our regret that he has withdrawn as a candidate for the presidency of Queens College in New York. After the unfair effort, inspired by the Brooklyn *Tablet,* to prevent his appointment and after Mayor O'Dwyer's crude attempt to dictate the decision of the Board of Higher Education, he is surely right in suggesting that, if he should be named after all, he would hardly be accepting the post under "auspicious circumstances." His retirement from the field was worded graciously and at the same time pointedly. Dr. Hovde wanted to withdraw even before the Mayor intervened, he says, but "that intervention raised a most important issue in public education" and convinced him of the need to remain in the fight. His final decision was based on "the Mayor's magnanimous statement . . . retracting every intention to limit the independence of the board." In other words, the public protest over the Mayor's action had the desired effect—Mr. O'Dwyer had been made to see the light and the independence of the board had been reestablished. We cannot see the episode in quite so rosy a light. The end results of the episode, in our view, are that the forces that maligned Dr. Hovde have succeeded once more in exercising unwarranted influence in the educational affairs of the city, the college has been deprived of the services of a first-rate educator, and the Mayor has worked his way out of a political jam at the price of a mere statement that he had not intended to do what he clearly did. The only compensation the city can have for the loss of Dr. Hovde is that the public uproar over the affair may serve to warn all concerned that neither politics nor the predilections of a church have any rightful part in staff appointments to the city colleges.

*

ALMOST AS THOUGH DESIGNED TO SHOW THE world that the South is not all fustian and filibuster comes the appointment of Dr. Frank P. Graham to the United States Senate. In spite of a long record as one of the country's outstanding liberals, the president of the University of North Carolina is revered in his state and could probably be elected to the office of his choice, but his appointment at this particular moment is nevertheless a political act of courage and high principle, doing as much honor to Governor Kerr Scott as to Dr. Graham. Only a week or so after the shameful filibuster fight, in which all but two Southern Senators stood shoulder to shoulder to block all civil-rights legislation, a Southern governor names to the Senate a

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man who served with distinction on the President's Committee on Civil Rights. He will sit in the chamber that hardly two months ago heard him denounced as one not fit to have access to atomic information because of membership in organizations which also included Communists. There would seem to be more than mere coincidence here, especially in view of the fact that some fifty persons had been mentioned for the seat of the late Senator J. Melville Broughton, including politicians who were the Governor's active supporters. The Governor of North Carolina appears to be deliberately vindicating the appointee's name and vindicating the South as well. Our compliments to him, to Dr. Graham and, if we may, to The Nation Associates, the chairman of whose advisory board should rank with the best who ever sat in the United States Senate.

*

CALIFORNIANS SEEM TO BE SUFFERING, AT the moment, from a bad case of jitters. Two scheduled appearances of Carey McWilliams at sessions of the teachers' institute in Riverside were recently canceled in response to a protest from Riverside Post No. 79 of the American Legion. Mr. McWilliams had been asked to speak on the highly subversive topic of "Brotherhood" as part of the nation-wide observance of National Brotherhood Week. Shortly afterward a scheduled appearance of Dr. Harold H. Fisher in Santa Rosa was promptly canceled when an anonymous letter in the local press leveled the charge of "leftist" at Dr. Fisher. For the last quarter of a century Dr. Fisher has been professor of history at Stanford University and chairman of the board of the Hoover War Memorial Library. He learned of the cancelation of his engagement only when he heard about it in the press. "I presume all this nonsense arose," he commented, "because I attended a little red schoolhouse in Morristown, Vermont." Finally, last week, the University of California at Los Angeles canceled two scheduled addresses by Harold J. Laski. A technicality was used to prevent him from speaking: his sort of lecture, officials said, must be delivered both in Los Angeles and Berkeley or not at all. He replied that he would rearrange his schedule to permit appearances at both campuses. The next day he received an invitation to speak at the Harvard Law School. Then he sat back to see what the nervous Californians would do with their latest hot potato.

*

A STRANGE INTERNATIONAL KIDNAPPING has been brought to light by Alfred Steinberg writing in the Washington *Post*. During World War II 2,118 Japanese were brought to the United States from Latin American countries, principally from Peru, for internment under the terms of the Rio de Janeiro hemispheric

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defense pact. Approximately 1,700 were repatriated or, more accurately, deported to Japan but some 300 are being held by the Department of Justice in a special condition of "relaxed internment." Many of them are Peruvian nationals, but Peru refuses to permit them to return. The twenty-five children who have been born to these people in this country enjoy the status of American citizenship. Deportation of the group to Japan would be most unfair, since most of them have lived in South America for years and many were born there. The responsibility of this country for their plight is much greater than a bare recital of the facts would indicate, for Peru's anti-Japanese campaign was stimulated by the similar campaign on the West Coast in 1942. To continue to hold these people in a kind of semi-internment under a statute enacted in 1798 puts this country in a most untenable position. Their residence here should be legalized by special Congressional action, their families should be allowed to join them, and they should receive some indemnification for the losses they have suffered.

*

LOS ANGELES VOTERS ARE STILL SOMEWHAT stunned by the Communist Party's repudiation of Leo Gallagher as a candidate for the Board of Education. Mr. Gallagher has represented the West Coast Communists in a long list of celebrated court battles. A lawyer of international fame, he was one of counsel for Georgi Dimitrov in the celebrated Reichstag fire trial. The explanation of the party's action came the next day from Mr. Gallagher. "I don't approve of the C. P.'s recent activities," he announced. "My present complaint is that the C. P. doesn't have democratic centralism. I feel that every member should feel free to criticize the party and its policies. Those who are frank, however, are likely to be expelled. I've come to believe that orders are issued from above. This isn't the democratic method." If the papal nuncio in Washington were to repudiate the doctrine of papal infallibility, it could produce hardly more commotion in Catholic circles than Mr. Gallagher's blunt statement has produced in the left-wing precincts of Hollywood and Los Angeles. Those who know Mr. Gallagher will not marvel at the apparent tardiness of his discovery that the Communist Party is not democratically constituted, for he is a person who is greatly devoted to the causes in which he believes. Strangely enough, the West Coast press almost completely ignored this dramatic incident, although a large section of this press is conducting an energetic campaign "to stop communism." Surely these charges by a respected former spokesman for the party created an excellent opportunity to weaken its influence. If it were the Communist Party, and not a set of ideas, that was under attack, one can safely assume that the opportunity would not have been missed.

THOMAS RILEY MARSHALL ACHIEVED MORE fame than most vice-presidents when he suggested that "what this country needs is a good five-cent cigar." Imagine, then, the esteem in which the nation ought to hold Sam Atkins, who has actually restored the five-cent beer. But if the proprietor of Sam's Bar and Grill expected to be raised to glory in a cloud of suds and nostalgia, he failed to reckon with the materialism of the age. Two breweries cut off his supply, contending that "five-cent beer is an unhealthy situation." And an organizer of the Bartenders' Union, spotting a couple of non-union bar maids, threw pickets around the place. "A lot of big people," he is said to have remarked, "don't like this five-cent-beer stuff." We sympathize with Mr. Atkins, but we will do nothing to aid him until he goes all out. We are waiting for the free lunch.

Time to Raise a Storm

CONGENITALLY optimistic, President Truman appears to believe that nothing much has happened on Capitol Hill to threaten his Fair Deal. Those who think otherwise he calls "trouble-makers." Far from implementing an earlier threat to take his case once more to the people, he seems bent on minimizing the mayhem committed on his civil-rights program. He wants to salvage as many of his remaining campaign pledges as possible, and he has obviously chosen the soft word as his weapon. "Of course I differ with the actions of the Congress on some points," he mildly remarked on his return from Key West, and then added, "We are going to agree on a lot more things than we disagree on."

Naturally the Republicans take a dim view of this gentle technique, having derived joy and profit from the division of their opponents over the filibuster issue. Senator Wherry's new slogan is "Let's you and him fight." Not satisfied with having "compromised" away any possibility of breaking a filibuster, the Republican minority leader now proposes to "press and go on pressing" Democratic leaders to bring an anti-poll-tax or anti-lynching bill to the floor. And why not? No matter what happens, his party would be the winner. If the Southerners should yield on one of these bills as a quid pro quo for G. O. P. assistance in the filibuster fight, the Republicans would have the "proof" they want that they had not really blocked civil-rights legislation after all, that they are still entitled to the Negro vote. If the attempt should fail, they could piously put the blame on the Southern Democrats and enjoy a resumption of their rivals' internal feuding. And the more they keep the pot boiling, the less chance for the Administration program to get through.

Mr. Truman's dilemma is that his mild approach is no more helpful to his own cause than it is to the Republicans.

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To the President's conciliatory remarks Congress has yet to make the slightest response. The chief concern of most of the distinguished members of the House last week was to bury Representative Rankin's demagogic bill for veterans' pensions without going on record to that effect. The result was one of the least inspiring demonstrations ever put on by a democratic assembly. On a teller vote, not individually recorded, the House twice showed what it thought of Mr. Rankin's proposal to raid the Treasury in a sum estimated by the Bureau of the Budget at $125,000,000,000 over a period of fifty years. But when the wily Mississippian forced a roll call the House reversed itself, many members appearing to think it inadvisable to expose themselves to the reproaches of the American Legion and the Veterans of Foreign Wars. After a day's attempts to amend the bill on the floor, the House returned it to the Veterans' Affairs Committee, where Chairman Rankin had previously limited its consideration to less than a half-hour. The vote was 208 to 207, with Marcantonio, incidentally, supporting Rankin all the way.

On the other side of the Capitol the President fared much worse. The one strong pronouncement he had permitted himself since his return from Florida was a denunciation of the real-estate lobby for "trying to destroy rent control." The Senate, apparently forgetting his assurance to the country that all was well between President and Congress, went far to bring the lobby's goal in sight. Administration leaders succeeded in beating off some of the worst of the proposed amendments, but the best they could emerge with was an extension of federal control for fifteen months, with states, cities, and towns empowered to decontrol with the consent of the governor. Of the nineteen Democrats who supported this home-rule amendment, fifteen were Southerners. With twenty-six Republicans, they carried it easily, leaving the Administration forces no alternative but to go along on final passage.

This concession to home rule has curiously little appeal to local governments. The United States Conference of Mayors last week adopted a resolution opposing it on the ground that there was inadequate administrative machinery to handle the problem locally. What city officials particularly fear, as Senator Magnuson of Washington pointed out, is that "the real-estate lobbies will be marching on every city hall in the country . . . demanding that controls be lifted." The pressure will be terrific, and there is little doubt that controls will go by the board at a time when the Conference of Mayors thinks they should be "strengthened." Rents have been creeping up under cover of various concessions in the present law, and the end of controls would almost certainly wipe out whatever meager gains consumers have enjoyed in the drop of food prices. If this is the course we are to follow, we can expect new demands for wage increases and a resumption of the inflationary spiral.

Faced with having to sign this bill or ending rent control altogether, Mr. Truman may yet conclude that there are times for turning the other cheek and times—other than political campaigns—for raising a storm.

ART CRISIS
A move is afoot among younger Tory M.P.s to have Winston made President of the Royal Academy on condition he retires from politics.
P.R.A.
LOW

London *Evening Standard*

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Battle of the Waldorf

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

THREE things combined to give international importance to the Cultural and Scientific Conference on World Peace: The State Department, the picket-line, and Sidney Hook. Without these public-relations aids—unpaid and even unsolicited—the conference would have been a rather tame affair. As it was, banner headlines and radio time dramatized it into a sensation, drawing overflow audiences to every session and turning the elegant, spacious lobbies and corridors of the Waldorf-Astoria into crowded highways. From the point of view of attendance and excitement, the National Council of the Arts, Sciences, and Professions scored a huge success; from any other angle, the drummed-up excitement was of dubious value. The headlines and the shouts of the pickets drowned out the words spoken at the meeting—both foolish and sensible words. What remained in the mind of the public was a concentrated, localized battle in the cold war. That "peace" gained any ground is most unlikely. Violent partisanship on both sides was the winner when the lights went down at the Garden.

Unless this was their purpose, the opponents of the conference also cannot be credited with a success. Instead of treating the affair as an incident this country can take easily in its stride, they magnified its potential "threat" and exposed their own basically defensive, fearful mood.

FIRST, the State Department. Unable for a week or more to decide whether foreign Communist delegates should be admitted, the department finally came up with the announcement that it would let in the Russians and a few other Eastern Europeans, justifying its decision on the ground that those particular Communists were official representatives of their governments. Sticking to this highly technical formula, the department then refused visas to the delegates from France, Italy, Rumania, and Hungary, and to all but one from Britain, because they were unofficial and therefore must be excluded. It also turned down applications from the Latin American countries with the single exception of Cuba.

But this line of reasoning proved unintelligible to the world at large. Even anti-Communist papers abroad laughed at a bureaucratic logic which admitted Soviet delegates, including the fire-eating Fadeyev who blasted American culture at Wroclaw last summer, and kept out several Britishers who are not Communists at all but who had made the unforgivable blunder of attending that same Wroclaw conference. The one exception was the British philosopher, William Olaf Stapledon, who received a visa, apparently, as a reward for answering Fadeyev's vituperative outburst. But even the exception added humor to the joke, for Dr. Stapledon, while no Communist, is a stout opponent of American foreign policy in his own right, as he made amply clear last Saturday.

Altogether the behavior of the State Department betrayed a pathetic inability to distinguish reality from red tape and a lack of confidence in the capacity of America to survive without damage the brief visit, and not so brief oratory, of a handful of assorted European leftists. That such an attitude should be regarded as reasonable by a good many Americans only provides another illustration of the confusion of mind under which we suffer. Russia's stupid refusal to admit most visitors from the West, including most correspondents, or to open its doors to international conferences, or to encourage various sorts of cultural interchange is roundly castigated by the State Department. Its own policy of rejecting all but "official" representatives from the Communists countries, no matter what their mission, and other foreigners even suspected of leftist ideas, is generally accepted as a normal precaution against spies or plotters or the infiltration of subversive doctrines. Democratic Western Europeans are constantly bewildered by these inconsistencies; perhaps only the Russians and their allies are in a position to understand and even to sympathize. But if so, they are bright enough to dissemble. The contrast between American professions and American acts was most effectively used by the Poles and Czechoslovaks, who are generous with visas for Americans and other visitors from the capitalist West. In any case the final effect of the State Department's mixed ruling was to dramatize and exaggerate the importance of the foreign Communists who *were* admitted and assure them the center of the stage.

THE pickets were more direct in their methods. Picketing is an old American tradition and should not be prohibited unless it produces violence; so one can only regret that so many noisy, tough plug-uglies are at the disposal of the extreme right. Catholic war veterans yelling anti-Russian slogans, women screaming threats and praying, grimy street-corner loafers—the picket line outside the Waldorf when I went in was a choice sample of the Christian Front *Lumpenproletariat*—although the Front had been officially excluded—of other days. I think I felt the more uncomfortable as I recalled my own experience in Wroclaw last summer, where even the most outspoken opponents of the dominant Communist line, members of the British and American delegations who openly attacked the views of the Eastern delegates—and of our Polish hosts—were argued with, but treated with courtesy and consideration.

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The opposition voiced by Sidney Hook and his confreres of Americans for Intellectual Freedom was of a different order. They objected with equal vehemence to the conference, but their attacks were expressed in the dignified language of intellectuals, and they also criticized the State Department for refusing visas to foreign delegates. The purpose of the group, apparently, was to demolish the claim of the N. C. A. S. P. that its conference was not a controlled affair designed, in Dr. Hook's words, to further "the interests of Soviet foreign policy." The Hook opposition did its best to induce non-Communist participants and sponsors to withdraw from the conference and then staged a counter-meeting of its own in Freedom House, where speakers exposed Russian repressions, especially of dissident artists and scientists, and denounced the deadening effect of state and ideological control over the intellectual output of a nation.

If Americans were in danger of imagining that the Waldorf conference was a meeting of impartial, nonpartisan intellectuals or that Moscow permits free artistic and scientific expression, then the counter-rally might have been justified. It seems to me that the press of this country has taken good care to dispel any such illusions. Russian totalitarian control and all its harsh and unjust consequences are the breakfast food of America, and only a few people try to excuse the ugly consequences of that control in terms of Soviet fears. But to admit all this is not to prove that a conference like the Waldorf affair was no more than a Communist frame-up, or that every non-Communist who took part was there as an innocent stooge. Dr. Hook's chief indictment of the direction of the conference itself was that it had declined to allow him to speak, though he had asked for a place on the program of the single plenary session. In the end, however, Dr. Counts and one or two others of the Hook group did speak at one of the Waldorf sessions, though their attacks were received with general disapproval.

I wondered, as I read the speeches made at the opposition meeting, whether a "peace conference" called by Americans for Intellectual Freedom would make room for even the limited ideological differences that emerged at the Waldorf. How many pro-Communist speakers would be invited? If the answer is that no one can claim the right to talk about peace who is bound by the dogmas of communism or the interests of Moscow, then the question arises: What hope is left, under that dictum, for any further negotiation between West and East? If we do not want to fight communism, the only alternative is to deal with it, try to work out ways of accommodation. Most anti-Communists of the Hook school insist that neither they nor this country desire war with Russia. If they are sincere, and I think they are, then they should be wary of rejecting as a frame-up every attempt to talk to Russians or other Communists.

MY OWN opinion of the Waldorf congress is mixed. Some first-rate talks were given at the panel discussion I attended on mass communications, especially by the Americans. Victor Bernstein's speech on The Front Desk and the Foreign Correspondent was an almost classic example of the American reporter at his frank and breezy best. The contrast between this paper and the speeches of the representatives of Russia, Czechoslovakia, and Poland was revealing. These three breathed a common hope of peace, and uniformly defended state control of the press and radio as a means of preventing war-mongering. The Americans defended strongly the value of free reporting and free discussion.

It is hard to generalize about a many-ringed circus like the conference. There were sensible speeches and dull, heavily dogmatic ones; there were controlled speeches and free ones. There was enough open expression of conflicting opinion to make the meeting as a whole stimulating if not particularly constructive. On the other hand, since the Russians and their supporters expressed only the official Communist position, and since most of the delegates were at least sympathetic to the same line, genuine discussion was no more possible than at last summer's meeting in Poland.

Certainly it would be far better to discuss the problem of peace without a sense of constraint from right or left, Washington or Moscow. The sort of detachment which makes possible a world view was not much in evidence at any of the meetings last week-end. I believe it is more likely to preside over the dinner forum to be held by The Nation Associates at the Waldorf, on April 7, where four democratic leaders from four nations will consider the same overriding problem of peace and how it can be achieved. Without instructions or denunciations or benefit of picket lines I expect our speakers to discuss the issue in language quite different from that heard at either Freedom House or the Waldorf.

The Nation Associates' Dinner Forum

Peace: How Can It Be Achieved?

SPEAKERS:

Herbert V. Evatt
Foreign Minister of Australia; President, General Assembly of the United Nations

William O. Douglas
Justice, Supreme Court of the U. S.

Romulo Gallegos
President-in-Exile, The Republic of Venezuela

Moshe Sharett — *Foreign Minister of Israel*

Freda Kirchwey — *Editor, The Nation*

Thursday Eve., April 7, at 6:30 o'clock
The Starlight Roof, Waldorf-Astoria Hotel

Reservations may be made through

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POLITICS and PEOPLE

BY ROBERT BENDINER

A Congressman's Mail from Home

PITY the poor Congressman who tries to steer a course by letters he gets from the folks back home. Having spent a little time poring over some of this literature in the offices of a half-dozen legislators, I am tempted to believe that the ancient Romans got as much out of consulting the entrails of pigeons. Interpretation by either method is difficult, and it is hard to say which is the more reliable.

The problem with Congressional mail is to know exactly how to weigh the various types of communication. First there is the large volume of crackpot letters, ranging from one-shot panaceas for all the ills of the world to the request of a female constituent for a "loyalty check" on the ground that she had been loyal all her life and was entitled to whatever checks the government was doling out by way of reward. Then there is the mail inspired by organizations passionately for or against this bill or that. Sometimes following a fixed pattern and sometimes not, these missives are perfectly legitimate and to be considered seriously, but they are not necessarily representative of the district. Some pressure groups have even taken to putting out questionnaires, and here allowance must be made both for the wording of the questions and the selection of recipients. I will come back to these presently. And finally a Representative or Senator must allow for the extent to which his own position is taken for granted by those who agree with him and who therefore do not bother to write.

On this last score I found considerable dismay among some of the freshman liberals in the House. Elected as all-out New Dealers, some of them are depressed by the conservative tenor of their mail. A liberal from a Middle Western state told me his correspondence is running 60 per cent against the Fair Deal, and another from the same area reports a three-to-one ratio against the President's program. But it is sensible to infer that those who voted for these men assume they will honor their campaign pledges. Their supporters accordingly refrain from burdening them with petitions and injunctions, and the way is left clear to the conservative opposition to monopolize the flow of mail to their offices. A Senator who believes strongly in federal rent control, for example, hears voluminously from landlords but gets hardly a word from tenants, who presumably will start writing furiously and vainly as soon as their rent goes up.

Every member of Congress has been swamped in the past few weeks with answers to two questionnaires almost identical in content and very similar even in wording. One is a form sent out by General Electric, and the other is the work of that less than objective pollster, Fulton Lewis, Jr. The wording of the G. E. questionnaire is astute and brimming over with sweet reason, but it is full of traps for the uninitiated. "Should labor laws make it clear," it asks, "that a collective-bargaining contract must be honored by both parties?" Nothing could be fairer, but the second half of the question implies that the only way to achieve that end is to give each of them "equal right to sue the other for breaking the contract." The unwary reader may have no knowledge of the long and sordid story of how the courts in the past were used to smash unions, of the injustice of holding a union legally responsible for wildcat strikes, or of alternative methods of keeping unions in line through government machinery set up to preserve industrial peace rather than to wreck the labor movement through endless and costly litigation.

Much of the questionnaire is stacked in this way, but, to make assurance doubly sure, those who received the forms were carefully selected. As the General Electric office explains, they went to "opinion-leaders" and "thought-molders." Those I saw, filled in as to occupation, were from lawyers, bankers, merchants, brokers, salesmen, doctors, teachers, and accountants. Trade unionists were left to clip theirs out of the local paper if they chose, and I know that a number of union locals instructed their members to ignore the project rather than give it a simulated fairness by the inclusion of a smattering of labor returns.

Using the G. E. form as a basis, Fulton Lewis merely touched up the questions for easy radio delivery and added one of his own. Listeners were asked to take down the number of each question, indicate their yes-or-no answers, and forward them to the Capitol, where each legislator had already received a copy of the questionnaire for checking purposes. The extent to which Mr. Lewis's audience can be deemed representative I leave to the judgment of my readers.

Too sophisticated to take these tricks seriously or to put all his faith in the letters sent in by constituents, Representative Charles R. Howell sent out a questionnaire of his own. The New Jersey Democrat, elected with strong C. I. O. and liberal support, had the help of the press of his district in circulating the questions, and the cooperation of both parties. With a genuinely

In An Early Issue

WHAT TO DO ABOUT THE RUHR

Two Socialist Views

By Leon Blum and Fritz Sternberg

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representative distribution he got rather different results, though they are not all that a pro-Administration Congressman might wish. On the basis of 600 returns his constituents appear to want Congress to increase the minimum wage, extend rent control, provide federal aid for education, expand the social-security system, and establish a public-housing and slum-clearance program. By more than five to one they favor an anti-lynching bill, and they are almost as overwhelmingly for the rest of the President's civil-rights program. They are nearly eight to one in favor of strengthening the United Nations "to provide limited World Government." But they are opposed to compulsory health insurance by two to one, though they want a voluntary system. They are against price controls. And, by a narrow margin, they oppose the President's "program of increased taxes, particularly on corporate income." As for Taft-Hartley, 174 would let it stand, 185 are for outright repeal, and 245 are for amending it.

There are risks involved in this kind of poll, since it cannot be closely supervised, but Mr. Howell has made an honest attempt to find out what his constituents want. If certain members of the Eightieth Congress had made a comparable effort, they might be having a high old time in Washington today instead of biting their nails in retirement.

What Russians Read

BY ALEXANDER WERTH

Prague, March

EVERYTHING the Russians do nowadays has a purpose. To write books merely for the sake of writing them, or to entertain readers, is wrong. And if such "purposeless" works are written, they remain unpublished. What, then, is published?

The best indication is provided by the so-called "fat journals," booklike monthlies running to 200 or 300 pages and printing practically all verse and fiction that will be widely circulated in book form later. The "fat journal" has an honorable history in Russia, dating back to the early nineteenth century; nearly all the famous Russian novels of the last century appeared first as serials in "fat journals." Similarly today the most "representative" and usually most fully approved works by Soviet writers appear in the Moscow *Novy Mir, Oktiabr,* or *Znamie,* or the Leningrad *Zvezda;* these have a printing of between 60,000 and 100,000 each.

Sometimes the "fat journals" come under fire from the Central Committee. Recently, for instance, a party resolution criticized the ideological content of *Znamie* as not high enough in 1948. One of the stories which had been published was condemned for its "far-fetched psychological contortions copied from Western bourgeois literature." The Central Committee also found fault with the magazine for poking fun at the "newly pressed"—that is, all too perfect—Communist characters in some recent novels. This criticism of the critics runs parallel with the recent *Pravda* attack on drama reviewers who instead of expressing full approval of ideologically inspiring new plays tend to pick at them for being "primitive" or imperfectly constructed. Direct emotional appeal, it was implied, is more important than craftsmanship.

More than two years have passed since rigid rules for literature were laid down by the late A. A. Zhdanov. The most recent batch of "fat journals" shows the result. The writing is not of a high standard; there is no one approaching an author like Sholokhov, who has not written a book for many years. If there is any really good writing, it is usually by older men like Fedin, but the mellow, nostalgic tone of Fedin's novels—he prefers to write of the period thirty or forty years ago—cannot be considered characteristic of the "Zhdanov era" of Russian literature. This is evidently the reason why, popular as he is, and a much better craftsman than most, Fedin has never been given a Stalin prize.

A "difficult" modern poet like Boris Pasternak naturally does not appear in print these days, except as a translator. One of the few relatively sophisticated poets who are still fairly widely published is Zabolotsky; some of his poetry is "standard," but the rest is not quite so straightforward, and might even be said to reflect a curious Communist type of pantheism, with emphasis on the eternity of both matter and spirit.

> I shall not die, my friend;
> In the scent of the flowers
> I shall again reveal myself . . .

And then comes this (oh, horrors!) almost existentialist line: "Nothing in the world is fairer than to be."

This, of course, is not typical either. What is typical is a poem like Lukonin's "The Working Day," which was published in the Leningrad *Zvezda.* A series of tableaux against the background of the reconstructed tractor plant at Stalingrad, the poem has vigor and is not

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without verbal expertness. The clatter of machinery alternates with something almost like nursery rhymes. Visions of war and destruction are followed by dynamic descriptions of the new plant, with the sun shining on the tractors as they come rolling off the conveyor belt; the tractor itself appears with an almost supernatural halo of glory. The characters—the children, the old grannie who tells them tales of the hard days of yore ("and they sit there, listening, like little birds on a telegraph wire"), the old workers of the tractor plant, the sweet young girls and the Komsomol lads of the new generation—are all lovable people. If in the early twenties, in America and elsewhere, it was customary to write poems in which capitalist factories seemed the quintessence of hell, your young Russian poet today makes the tractor plant, set in rich cornfields, look like the happiest place on earth. And it must be said that Lukonin's poem is not so obvious, so "hammy," as most "industrial" poems of recent years. It is a sign of progress, even within the narrow limits set by Zhdanov.

WHILE Lukonin's characters are all good, those of Simonov's new collection of poems, "Friends and Enemies," are nearly all bad, or at least he concentrates on the bad ones. One is the proprietor of three San Francisco newspapers—"our polite conversation was like a packet of wrapped-up razor blades."

> He was young and arrogant,
> And it occurred to me: He cannot be unlike
> Those others who set fire to the Reichstag
> And dragged Dimitrov to the Leipzig trial.

Americans are treated by Simonov and many others in the way the Germans were treated during the war. Thus in the "Story of a Mistake" Simonov relates how he was told during the war that Léon Blum had been murdered by the Nazis in a concentration camp:

> Now like a fool I then believed the story,
> Not knowing that, by sparing such a life,
> Hitler would send him back to France, and so
> Open the doors by half an inch to fascism . . .
> Blum's not the kind the Nazis kill or poison.

It's as simple as that! Simonov is a writer of great versatility, and there is little doubt that his skilfully sarcastic rhymes will be as widely read as his facile pre-war love lyrics, his sentimental patriotic 1941 poems, and his vitriolic anti-German poems of 1942.

Some of the well-intentioned fiction by younger writers is almost unreadable, if only because you can scarcely distinguish one character from another. Yet when you have read several such books, you find that some are better than others. The exotic in them sometimes helps. Thus Semushkin's novel "Alitet Takes to the Hills," the story of how the Soviets established themselves among the trappers in the far Northeast and put an end to the law of the jungle as practiced by the scoundrelly American fur traders, is, for all the obvious moralizing, as readable as James Fenimore Cooper.

When Russian authors fail to produce something fresh, Estonians and Latvians may be brought to the rescue: "Uphill," by the Latvian novelist Anna Sakse, tells as convincingly as possible, considering the dreary dialogue and stereotyped characters, how the Latvian peasantry, totally demoralized first by their own capitalist traditions and later by German propaganda, gradually came to accept the Soviet way of life. Like old Italian comedy, this and other novels have evolved their half-dozen set characters—the incompetent bureaucrat, the party chief who despite terrible difficulties finally gets everything done, the devoted young Komsomol girl who explains to the more backward people what it is all about, the gallant young soldier back from the front who joins in reconstruction and in the end marries the Komsomol girl, the incorrigible kulak and the "corrigible" one, and finally the "bandit" or German agent. The bandit is usually killed in some exciting episode. What happens to the incorrigible kulak we are seldom told. Primitive as the pattern is, such literature is widely read and has an effect.

Incidentally, whether because they lend a touch of variety to the predominant novel about a factory or *kolkhoz* or for political reasons, non-Russian writers are being rather pampered these days, especially Communist writers of the Baltic republics. In painting and music, too, Latvians, Lithuanians, and Estonians are receiving an unusual amount of attention from Moscow, not to say flatttery.

The "fat" magazines frequently publish articles on the decline of European and Western literature, much of it badly informed even about facts. A theme which keeps reappearing is the "surrender" to capitalism of former "rebels" like O'Neill and Steinbeck. Howard Fast is the only figure in American literature who is highly praised by the Russians. A typical comment on English literature appeared in *Znamie* when Somerset Maugham's "Then and Now" was attacked for revealing a cynically complacent attitude toward Caesar Borgia, who in the Russian critic's view was the prototype of Hitler.

Speaking of Hitler, the Führer is one of the central characters of a new "film story" called "The Fall of Berlin," by Pavlenko and Chiaureli, the latter a well-known film producer. Mr. Churchill appears in some scenes, and these as well as the ones laid in Germany are in a heavy satirical vein bordering on slapstick. What is interesting about this film story, or scenario, is that it contains, so far as I know, the first direct Russian reference to Hitler's suicide; also, Marshal Zhukov figures prominently in it, together with Stalin, and this is a good indication that Zhukov is back in favor with the Kremlin.

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A Plea for a Neutral Europe

BY CLAUDE BOURDET

Paris, March 16

IF THE Soviet Union feels that the United States has it in a vise and is trying to close the jaws, it may start a war. John Foster Dulles warned the American government of this danger. The Soviet Union may go to war also if political and economic pressure on the glacis of the Russian fortress becomes so strong that the bureaucrats fear the collapse of the Russian social structure and of their own power. When one wonders at the extreme intransigence of the Russian attitude on Berlin, one must remember that the circulation of a western hard-money mark in free competition with the depreciated eastern mark is a formidable instrument in the hands of the Western powers for demolishing the shaky economy of eastern Germany, and this would have serious repercussions on the economies of the satellite "people's democracies."

In the view of the Russian leaders the strategic danger and the politico-economic danger intensify each other. Their fears are aroused both by America's demand for bases and by its economic aid to Europe. The restoration of German heavy industry, under the stimulus and control of the United States, causes enormous anxiety, for the Russians felt the crushing weight of that industry during the last war.

Under these conditions what will the Atlantic Pact do for us? In the first place, it assures unconditional solidarity between Western Europe and the United States, which means that the United States will go to war if Western Europe is invaded. But the United States will do that just as certainly without a pact as with one; it is not true that America, if Europe should not be docile, might return to its former isolationism, detach itself from the rest of the world. In addition, the United States will supply Western Europe with the arms which it needs and which it could provide for itself only very slowly.

The European negotiators have hoped that the United States would engage to send military aid immediately and thus contribute to a strong defense of the line of the Elbe. I have grave doubts that this line could be held even with American aid if the Red Army was determined to force its way to the ocean, and my doubts are shared by many military men. The Americans, with praiseworthy frankness, admit that they cannot guarantee automatic and immediate cooperation. I may add that the recent naval maneuvers in the Caribbean indicated that the "Schnorkel" submarines could keep heavy warships off the high seas and thus greatly hinder the transportation of large bodies of troops across the Atlantic.

Let us examine other features of the reverse of the medal. The Atlantic Pact, by incorporating our military strength in that of the United States, by placing naval and air bases on our territory at its disposal, by requiring our domestic and foreign policy to follow the line laid down by Washington, by mobilizing German war industry in the service of American strategy, will have in my opinion one certain consequence. It will make the military power of the Atlantic bloc seem to the Soviet leaders more and more menacing and make them think that Russian security depends on the will of high American administrative circles, in whose pacific intentions they have, perhaps wrongly, no confidence. Such fears have more weight than the claim that the pact is "purely defensive."

Thus there can be no doubt that the Atlantic Pact will greatly increase the danger of war. Peace will constantly be at the mercy of an ill-considered decision of the American general staff—which is well known to be amazingly independent of the American government—or a hasty estimate of the situation by the Russian leaders, who may imagine that "war is certain, and it is better to forestall the enemy."

Moreover, in the event of such a catastrophe, the Atlantic Pact forces the Russians to occupy with the greatest possible speed and at any cost all the countries from which blows could be directed against them. Whatever the final result, the "depth of maneuver" characteristic of modern war will make all Western Europe into a frightful no man's land.

So far I have assumed that Western Europe is united in its friendship for the United States and its hatred of Russia. But I must remind you that a majority of the French working class and 25 per cent of the whole electorate follow the Communists' directives. This group is avid for peace, and it would be difficult to mobilize it for a revolt which might unleash war. But once war started and it was necessary to fight in either the American or the Russian camp, the Communist workers would certainly not join with capitalists and former fascists—if also with the middle classes—against people whom

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they consider their friends. Many would resort to passive resistance and sabotage. Others would not hesitate to take up arms against the government. Already the subject of violent disputes, the Atlantic Pact would become the cause of the most atrocious civil war. In these circumstances the support that Western Europe, particularly France and Italy, could give the United States would be feeble indeed, if not non-existent.

INSTEAD of a military alliance with the United States I have proposed many times in the past year that Western Europe maintain an armed neutrality. In Italy a preference for this solution has been expressed not only by the Nenni Socialists but by many Christian Democrats; a majority of Saragat's anti-Communist Socialist Party also favored the idea for a time, but in the end the party decided not to break with De Gasperi and regretfully supported his Atlantic policy.

In France, although the government has advanced unhesitatingly along the path toward the pact, the people are thinking more and more about neutrality. They are beginning to realize—unfortunately too late—that the pact will bring no Utopia. Aware of the tenuousness of American guaranties, as eminent an authority as M. Gilson, the historian, has written: "In case of invasion Europe can defend itself as well without a pact as with a pledge of assistance which is worthless. And it will be no more likely to be invaded without a pact. In fact, it will have a better chance of not being invaded."

The argument in favor of neutrality can be summed up as follows:

1. Unlike the Atlantic Pact, armed neutrality could enlist the support of Sweden, a united instead of a divided Italy, and probably Switzerland. It would furnish Yugoslavia with a reason for not joining the Russian bloc. It would increase the cohesion and power of the Western bloc, now reduced by virtue of the pact to a ribbon of land along the ocean.

2. Unlike the pact, neutrality would not be a divisive factor in the different countries but would make for internal concord and unity. The people's natural horror of war and of foreign occupation of any kind would unite them in its support. And we must not forget the power of slogans in war time. The millions of workers and others who will not defend "America's bases against the soldiers of Stalingrad" will fight more willingly—if necessary even against the Russians—"for the independence of Europe against any occupation." On this base a solid national union could be built. It is even conceivable that some of the Communist general staffs in the West would lend such a policy their tacit support.

3. The armed neutrality of Europe would reverse the present tendency of French foreign policy to follow subserviently that of the United States. Vital decisions would no longer be made exclusively in Washington.

4. Of course, with Europe committed to neutrality, America would not be eager to provide arms. But neither would the Soviet Union feel obliged to occupy the European zones that America needs for bases. This would certainly be true if the Soviet government were given a formal guaranty that these zones would not be used by the enemy. The last is the most important point of all. If the Atlantic Pact is adopted, Russia must make every effort to occupy certain parts of Western Europe. On the other hand, if Europe is neutral, Russia can proceed step by step to renounce its invasion projects, calculating the gain and loss much as the Nazis did.

Similarly the American general staff can calculate the advantages and disadvantages of a progressive retreat from Europe. Counting on waging war largely by air, it has for the moment great need of European bases, but as its aircraft are developed through B-29's, B-50's, B-36's, and soon, it will be less and less dependent on these bases and can finally agree to let Europe stay out of the war. It might well choose that course rather than engage the numerous divisions of the Red Army, aided, as they would be, behind the lines by the millions of Communist partisans.

THERE is a chance, therefore, that a neutral Europe would be respected by both sides. The more strongly it is armed the greater will be that chance, though of course the armament needed would not compare with that required for participation in the conflict. In a few years Europe could itself produce what it needs. In the immediate future the United States might contribute, but without demanding more in return than a promise that Europe would defend itself against invasion.

Such a contract, up to now, has seemed a remote possibility. But various commentators believe that the United States is becoming more and more willing to furnish arms and less and less inclined to guarantee a powerful expeditionary force. The Caribbean maneuvers, to which I referred above, strengthened this trend. I am not disturbed by it, as were the commentators who pointed it out. However, the United States will obviously not make the first move to keep Europe neutral.

Western European statesmen, instead of taking their cues from the United States, should propose an arrangement that would be honorable for both parties. Since the United States feels as it does, it might permit us to leave the dangerous path of alliance and adopt a neutrality which it would help to arm. Until the pact is signed, it is not too late to do this. Western European statesmen, especially Liberal, Christian Democratic, and Socialist statesmen, will of course make such a proposal only if they are convinced that their political interests are identical with the well-being of their peoples. If their countries are drawn into the war, these men will

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be swept out by the extremists—the Communists or the former fascists, according to whether the Russians or the Americans are victorious.

The argument for European neutrality is not based on a selfish desire to save the continent at the expense of the rest of the world. The first effect of such a policy would be to relax world tensions and make it possible to build a lasting peace. Perhaps it is too late to reorient minds confused by their own propaganda. But at least some voices should be raised in protest, so that when the day of reckoning comes, we shall not be told: "No other course was possible."

You Can't Do Business with Franco

BY LAWRENCE C. GOLDSMITH

IN APRIL, 1947, a representative of Juan March, the Spanish financier and industrial magnate, visited the New York offices of Dannie N. Heineman, head of SOFINA, a network of utility companies which operates in France, Switzerland, Belgium, Argentina, and Mexico, as well as in Spain. This representative said that Señor March wanted the valuable properties which SOFINA owned in Spain through an affiliate called CHADE. Mr. Heineman refused. The emissary added that he was instructed to say that unless March got what he wanted, he "would be unable to prevent" the Franco government from taking steps against CHADE. Mr. Heineman expressed doubt that Señor March would make such a threat. March's spokesman offered to put through a transatlantic call to him from Mr. Heineman's office. This was done—and March confirmed the threat.

Ten weeks later, on July 7, 1947, the Spanish government passed a decree "to protect companies from their shareholders." This astonishing measure, which followed lines laid down by March and was aimed solely at the SOFINA affiliate, made it impossible for the company to operate in Spain save at the will of the state, that is, at the will of Juan March.

The battle over CHADE is merely an episode in a complicated struggle that has been going on for a long time. Only recently have the machinations of the principals in it been brought to light. The whole affair is a dramatic example of the collusion that exists between Franco and March at the expense of foreign investors. Its political importance lies in the fact that it is changing the ideas of certain American financiers who have hitherto believed Franco was a man with whom they could do business.

The Spanish government has recently placed full-page advertisements in American newspapers obviously designed to soften opposition here to a loan to Franco. These advertisements blandly assert that the Spanish government is friendly to private business and that "Spain respects foreign property." American business men are beginning to ask how these assertions can be reconciled with its action in the CHADE affair.

JUAN MARCH, in whose interest Franco's harassment of the power companies is being carried on, has been described as "the last pirate of the Mediterranean" and "the richest, most powerful private citizen in Europe." March, however, has none of the swagger or daring of the true pirate; he works deviously and with marked respect for his own safety. While certainly the richest man in Europe—his fortune has passed the half-billion-dollar mark—he is, in Spain, the most powerful of all citizens, public or private. Only a few Spaniards believe that Franco "owns" March; most believe that March "owns" Franco.

This greedy potentate, now in his seventies, is the son of a poor Mallorcan fisherman. Unable to read or write until he was forty, but with a talent for figures, he has advanced from tobacco smuggling with a single skiff to ownership of the Spanish tobacco monopoly, the oil monopoly, the bulk of Spanish shipping, vast deposits of Catalonian potash, many powerful banks and newspapers, railroads, olive and almond groves, wine and soap industries, drydocks and shipyards. He controls all Spanish trade and shipping to England. Most of the country's crops are marketed by his brokerage houses. Never before in modern times has the economy of a nation been so completely at the mercy of one private individual.

March's methods of satisfying his acquisitive instincts are matched by his political maneuvers. His one-man superstate has survived five regimes, flourishing under all but one. During the Republic it was said that either the Republic must break March or March would break the Republic. March won. The government arrested him for tax evasion, but he succeeded in bribing his jailers. Then March's own limousine picked up him and his keepers and whisked them all safely to the border. When Franco made his famous airplane trip from the Canary Islands to Morocco in 1936 to start

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the insurrection, he flew in March's private plane. March personally financed Franco's armies to the limit of his resources and arranged outside financing for the rest. Franco has been repaying him with favors ever since.

MARCH has long cast a covetous eye on the SOFINA utility interests in Spain. Since 1940 he has been trying to seize them. He is in a position to demand any bauble he wishes from Franco in Spain, but when the bauble is tied to strings held outside Spain, it cannot be handed over quite so easily. Mr. Heineman's companies are not exactly helpless. The "bauble" in question is a $350,000,000 holding company, the Barcelona Traction, Light, and Power Company, the largest foreign interest in Spain and the largest holder of Spanish utilities.

Barcelona Traction is a Canadian corporation with Canadian, American, British, French, Swiss, and Belgian investors. Its chief property is a subsidiary also registered in Canada but operating in Spain—the Ebro Irrigation and Power Company. This company has in effect a monopoly on supplying electricity for power and lighting in the whole of Catalonia and the Ebro valley, the chief industrial region of Spain. Ownership of Ebro Irrigation makes Barcelona Traction a prize very much worth winning.

Barcelona Traction is one of the lower echelons in a group of utilities headed by Mr. Heineman's creation, SOFINA, a Belgian corporation which since the outbreak of the war in Europe has been managed largely from New York. Below SOFINA in the hierarchy but above Barcelona Traction comes the Compania Hispano-Americana de Electricidad, CHADE for short. CHADE was formed to take over the utility interests of Germany in foreign countries after the First World War. Although its main properties are in Argentina, it was incorporated in Madrid for tax and other reasons. Each succeeding regime has afforded CHADE favorable treatment, culminating in Franco's extremely partial legislation in 1939. Indeed, until March began his raids on Barcelona Traction, CHADE and the Spanish government were getting along happily together. March conceived the idea of striking at Barcelona Traction by making an attack on CHADE. He was able to do this because technically CHADE was a Spanish corporation and through another holding company owned 16 per cent of Barcelona Traction (most of the remaining 84 per cent is closely held by members and affiliates of the SOFINA group and individual stockholders).

The March-Franco warfare against CHADE and Barcelona Traction is too complicated to set down here in detail. The main skirmishes may be summarized as follows: In 1940, when Hitler seemed to be winning the war, March made proposals to the stockholders of Barcelona Traction which were tantamount to demanding control of the company. When these proposals were turned down, March started to acquire the sterling bonds of the company. He was able to pick them up cheaply because the government, at his instigation, had prevented the conversion of pesetas earned by Ebro into sterling to pay interest on Barcelona Traction's bonds. This, of course, depressed their market value. March theoretically was subject to the same restriction, but he had no trouble in obtaining enough sterling to buy up the bonds. By the spring of 1947 he controlled a clear majority of them. Foreign stockholders—as distinct from bondholders—suggested a compromise in 1945. This was dropped when the Minister of Industry and Commerce refused the necessary permission.

March then launched a flank attack on CHADE. It opened with a propaganda campaign in newspapers and pamphlets accusing the corporation of trying to leave the country to escape Spanish regulations, and reached its peak on December 12, 1946, when Suances, the Minister of Industry and Commerce, delivered a speech against the company before the Cortes. March has boasted on more than one occasion, much to the Minister's discomfort, that he has Suances in his pocket. All the key men in the ministry are believed to be on March's pay roll. Since March has reckoned that he would make a profit of $150,000,000 by taking over Barcelona Traction, there would seem to be enough booty to reward everybody.

UNTIL April, 1947, when March's spokesman called upon Dannie Heineman in New York, the attacks on CHADE and Barcelona Traction were in the talking stage. Then came the decree of July 7 "protecting" CHADE from its shareholders by virtually confiscating it. The decree has been stigmatized by the Brussels financial paper *La Cote Libre* as reviving "a Nazi principle." Under it CHADE was prohibited from holding stockholders' meetings outside Spain, and the approval of the Minister of Industry and Commerce, Señor Suances, was required for all its transactions. In future the corporation was to be operated "in the higher interest of the state."

The bombshell did not catch the corporation entirely unprepared. Having been obliged before by political vicissitudes to find a temporary place of residence abroad, CHADE was accustomed to making quick exits. It now took steps to escape from Spain by transforming itself into a Luxembourg corporation known as SODEC, the shell of which had existed since 1938 when it was devised as a refuge from the Spanish war.

After moving against CHADE, March renewed his attack on Barcelona Traction. Just when the company thought it was in the midst of peace negotiations, it suddenly found itself declared legally bankrupt. This

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remarkable turn of events was accomplished through the judge of a small provincial town, Reus. The judge's only possible claim to jurisdiction was that a power line ran through his town. He declared Barcelona Traction to be bankrupt on the ground that it had not paid interest on its sterling bonds, despite the fact that the government itself prohibited payment and that it possessed assets exceeding its liabilities by $250,000,000. This decision, said the *Finanz-Revue* of Switzerland, was "a legal monstrosity apparently possible only in Spain."

The company was not officially informed of the decree, or heard in protest, until six months later. The judge in Reus averred that he did not know the address of the company, overlooking the fact that the address appeared on the documents alleging bankruptcy presented in court. Another unique feature of the proceedings was that a Spanish court declared a foreign (Canadian) corporation bankrupt.

The judge ordered the managers, directors, and counsel of Barcelona Traction's Ebro Irrigation Company ousted. Men acceptable to March were appointed to replace them. On learning of this action J. Donald Duncan, counsel of the Canadian corporation, hurriedly visited March, who proposed a reorganization under which March would get 60 per cent of a new sterling bond issue and 75 per cent of the stock, of which he had owned none before. He generously offered the rest to the previous owners. March said that he anticipated no difficulty in getting the government's permission to transfer sterling to pay interest on the new bonds. Mr. Duncan then saw the Minister of Justice in an effort to get the bankruptcy order rescinded. This official asked him if Barcelona Traction had come to an agreement with Señor March. When Duncan said no, the conversation was confined to pleasantries. Duncan next obtained an interview with the Minister of Industry and Commerce, who asked him the same question. The same pleasantries followed his answer.

Impatient with Barcelona Traction for stubbornly refusing to surrender, March tried to get at the company through CHADE. Again the government acted as his agent. CHADE was dissolved for "tax purposes" by order of the Spanish Council last August. Special ex post facto taxes were levied in addition to the existing liquidation taxes. The directors called a meeting for January 8, 1949, in Madrid to discuss the situation. The meeting was forbidden, and police barred the doors.

After this development a majority of the shareholders met hastily on January 26 in Luxembourg and recreated CHADE share for share as the Luxembourg corporation SODEC. The taxes are still in dispute. Another open question is whether Franco and March can get their hands on SODEC-CHADE's Argentine holdings, which are valued at between three and four hundred million dollars and are the largest utilities in Perón's domain. These would be most useful to Franco in paying off his $350,000,000 loan from Perón. Barcelona Traction, the ultimate prize, is still in receivership, with a new board of directors and management appointed by Franco-March. Ebro Irrigation, with a new management appointed by its "reformed" parent, Barcelona Traction, continues to produce and distribute electricity.

DIPLOMATIC pressure and international financial opinion may eventually foil the plot, since Franco is in desperate need of foreign capital. The Canadian and Belgian governments have already made diplomatic representations. The United States Department of State is also believed to be interested. The London *Times* has called for a diplomatic inquiry. Financial journals are using language they never used before in referring to the Franco government. *Finanz-und-Wirtschaft* of Switzerland declares that "the Spanish government will have to make every conceivable effort to clear itself of the suspicion that it is allied with Juan March and has, if not condoned, at least tolerated one of the greatest robberies in history. . . . What is not possible under a dictatorship!" *Agence Quotidienne* of Paris says, "We have seen governments nationalizing public utilities, that is, handing the

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services over to the nation, as they say. This is the first time that nationalization has been carried out for the benefit of an individual."

The *Journal de Genève* brands Franco's policy as "senseless" and goes on to draw this conclusion: "It has been made clear to foreign investors that there no longer exists any security for investments in Spain. Since Spain is in urgent need of foreign capital, the country's economy will certainly feel disastrous effects from the measures which have been taken against these two companies."

One potentially disastrous effect—for Franco—has been the changed attitude noted here and there in Wall Street. Elisha Friedman, an influential economist writing in the *Commercial and Financial Chronicle* of New York, declared: "The nations of the world cannot and will not ignore the breaches of faith involved in the mistreatment and virtual confiscation of foreign-owned property." It is not ideological or humanitarian considerations which have wrought the change. CHADE accommodated itself to Franco in 1936. Key Spanish officials of CHADE sat out the Spanish war in Brussels. Only now are financiers coming to the bitter realization that you can't do business with Franco.

Graft, corrupt courts, expensive military brass, hordes of spies, endless and arbitrarily imposed restrictions on business—all make intolerable drains on the Spanish economy. Spanish exporters, for instance, are now said to have a choice of several different *official* export exchange rates, depending upon the size of the bribe. The government itself has become the black market. Conditions such as these sharpen Franco's need for foreign credit, but because of them the ranks of would-be foreign investors are becoming thinner—the Chase loan notwithstanding.

Some Wall Streeters view the Chase loan as a publicity stunt of Franco's to attract other loans. Little has been said within Spain about the loan's terms, which is understandable. A large part of the nation's $110,000,000 gold stock had to be shipped out of the country to meet the requirement of 100 per cent gold backing safely deposited in London. One anti-Franco Spaniard told the writer that he would be highly optimistic about Spain's future if the Caudillo had to get other such loans. Minister of Commerce Suances is reliably reported to have told a private meeting of ten Spanish bankers in January that unless additional outside help was forthcoming, Franco could not last six months.

The CHADE–Barcelona Traction affair is convincing business men that Franco Spain is a poor risk. If the largest and most powerful foreign holdings in Spain, backed by an international cartel, can be confiscated for the benefit of one individual, what chance is there of establishing stable business relations with Franco on any level? El Caudillo's respect for private enterprise is at last being recognized as a mirage.

In the Wind

APRIL," said the Wind, "is the cruelest month." "Yes," said the Candle, "with its shoures sote. And the voice of the turtle mingling memory and desire." "It would seem," said the Wind, "as good a time as any to read aloud from *Barron's Financial Weekly: The ideal world we would wish for if it were within our power to choose would be the free, peaceful, liberal economic system that existed prior to World War I.*"

"Oh," said the Candle, "I can top that. Listen to Donald R. Van Boskirk, the Republican Party chairman of Portland, Oregon: *The Republican Party is a party of big business and always will be a party of big business. I don't think that is anything to be ashamed of. I think it is something to be proud of.*"

"I am more stirred," said the Wind, "by the following words from an editorial in the Montclair, New Jersey, *Times*, written on the occasion of the retirement from Congress of Representative Fred A. Hartley, Jr.: *To Mr. Hartley we say, Well done, good and faithful servant. . . . While a Republican, he always kept an open mind on all issues.*"

"Candor of that sort is always pleasing," said the Candle. "I have here a similar sample from a recent article by Paul Swarty in *Dun's Review: Years ago, when in railroad service, I was asked by my boss, the chief engineer, 'What is the purpose of a railroad company?' Flattered by the question, after deep thought I propounded, 'To move goods and people rapidly, economically, and safely from one place to another.' 'Wrong,' said he. 'The purpose of a railroad company is to make money for the stockholders.'* "

"Nice," said the Wind. "Very nice. I also admire the frankness of British Laborite Benn Levy, who was asked whether Britain should become the forty-ninth of the United States: *The possibility of being ruled by the United States Congress,* replied Mr. Levy, *the possibility of finding ourselves dominated by their vastly inferior Constitution, and the possibility of finding ourselves submerged in a country which is at least twenty-five to thirty years behind ourselves are quite horrifying.*"

"Mr. Earl Bunting, chairman of the board of the National Association of Manufacturers, might disagree with Mr. Levy," said the Candle. "Says Mr. Bunting: *If Karl Marx were alive today, he would favor American capitalism. . . . Everyone who has a life-insurance policy is a capitalist.*"

"Interesting," said the Wind; "but where does it leave Mr. Robert R. Wason, chairman of the N. A. M. executive committee? Mr. Wason was recently quoted in *Trends* to this effect: *During the last sixteen years the United States was conquered by Marxian ideologies as certainly as if it had been conquered by the guns of the Communists or the Nazis or the Fascists.*"

"Oh," said the Candle. "Somebody got his signals crossed. As you said, April is the cruelest month."

[*Two dollars will be paid to the contributor of any item printed in* In the Wind.]

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LIBERTY IN AMERICA

The Army Clears the Klan

BY MALCOLM HOBBS

Washington, March 22

IT WAS to be expected that the loyalty tests applied to civilian employees of the government would be extended to men drafted under the Selective Service Act. What is interesting is the way the Defense Department has changed them. The list of 123 organizations judged subversive by the Attorney General is used by the Defense Department, but with deletions. Editing by the military has cut the list to 83. The 40 organizations eliminated are all rightist groups classified by the Attorney General as "fascist" or "totalitarian." Of those that remain 82 are left-wing; the only right-wing group retained is the German-American Bund.

For civilian government workers membership in either the Communist Party or the Ku Klux Klan is considered evidence of disloyalty. For drafted men membership in the Klan does not indicate disloyalty, nor does past membership in the Silver Shirts, the Columbians, or any of the other German, Italian, and Japanese American groups which supported Nazi-Fascist doctrines—with the single exception of the Bund.

I have made extensive inquiries to try to find out why the Attorney General's list was cut down by the Defense Department. The explanation of one Defense official was: "After all, we have to take somebody into the army." Others divulged that a board of representatives from the three armed services had failed to reach an agreement on how to handle the loyalty problem. So the Bureau of Personnel of the army, the only service so far receiving any recruits, had hurriedly set up a procedure by which the Attorney General's subversive list was used minus the rightist groups. Only men belonging to organizations which advocate force and violence against the government of the United States were regarded as poor security risks.

The Defense Department has made a distinction here between advocating force and violence against the government and advocating force and violence against individuals or minority groups. To the military that is the difference between Communists and Kluxers. Of course the Soviet-American crisis gives them a good argument for keeping Communists out of the army. It is part of the tragedy of that crisis that tacit loyalty clearance is given to such enemies of home-front democracy as the Klan and the Columbians. Another ominous note is that the military no longer considers members of the Dante Alighieri Society or the Friends of New Germany necessarily disloyal.

The government loyalty program reaches a climax of absurdity in the Defense Department procedures. Each man called up must sign one of three certificates contained in Defense Department Form NME-98. He signs Certificate A if he has never "belonged to any organization which believes in using force or violence to overthrow or change the government of the United States." In doing so he specifically disavows membership in any of the eighty-three organizations on the attached subversive list. He signs Certificate B if he used to belong to one of these organizations but does so no longer. He must then explain why he left the organization, submit to an investigation, and "obligate [himself] to assist in such investigation to the fullest extent in [his] power." Certificate C is to be signed by those who belong to a group on the subversive list.

Attached regulations explain that signing Certificate C places a man under suspicion of disloyalty. They also state that "a person suspected of being disloyal will be rejected completely or his induction will be postponed pending investigation." Since Communist Party members would obviously be rejected, anyone wishing to dodge the draft would merely have to profess communism. In an attempt to plug this loophole the Defense regulations state: "Be sure that you can later produce proof that you told the truth when you signed this certificate." The result, of course, is that a young man who is resolved to stay out of the army and not too squeamish about how he does it is forced actually to join the Communist Party and get a card to prove it.

Defense officials whom I interviewed tried to blame this situation on Selective Service, nominally a civilian organization. But they admitted that the loyalty forms had been prepared by the military establishment. They insisted that the army would take Communists, and either keep them under surveillance or court-martial them, if Selective Service passed them on. One officer became so exasperated trying to explain the situation that he gave it as his personal and unofficial opinion that the Nazis had handled the problem correctly. The 999th Wehrmacht division, he said, was made up of Germans from the concentration camps, "and by the end of the war there wasn't a one of 'em left."

The loyalty forms for drafted men are worded to

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avoid the difficulties encountered by the House Committee on Un-American Activities when witnesses refused to reveal their political affiliations on constitutional grounds. Certificate C states, "I am unable to sign either Certificate A or B," and the use of the word "unable" can be construed as evidence of membership in a subversive organization. Since a man must sign one of the three forms, he has no opportunity to stand on his constitutional rights. No differentiation is made between a man who "refuses" to sign Certificate C on that ground and one who is "unable" to sign the first two certificates.

Since the drafted man is required to sign the loyalty forms before he is sworn into the army, he would seem to be still under the jurisdiction of civilian law. If he refuses to sign any of the three forms on constitutional grounds, his case would therefore seem to be one for determination in a regular court of law. The army, however, says it will induct men who refuse to sign the loyalty forms. The procedure as explained in Washington is that their papers then will be sent to the Director of Intelligence, Army General Staff, for investigation. This would subject such men to decision by court martial.

Thus under the loyalty program the army may reject a slacker disguised as a Communist but take in a Communist disguised as a civil libertarian.

Wasteland in the Making

BY A. G. MEZERIK

WANTED—hunters to hunt wild outlaw horses. Delivered dead or alive to Fox Farms." This Butte, Montana, "help wanted" ad, with its suggestion of wild country and hard riding, might well appeal to young men, but if they inquired about the job, they would find that like most others offered in the Rocky Mountain region it pays too little to be worth while. Every day young people are being forced to leave the mountain states to make their living in more prosaic country. More veterans have abandoned their homes in this area than in any other part of the United States.

While the total population of the country has been growing steadily since the start of the war, that of the mountain states has decreased by half a million. People have been leaving for thirty years. Half of all the young people coming to maturity are lost each year, and 90 per cent of the highly trained young people. College students are less impressed by songs about the range and the Santa Fe than by the jobs offered by General Electric, Westinghouse, and other big Eastern corporations which comb the state universities for their best graduates.

The whole region is a vast wasteland in the making, despoiled by great corporations and rapacious individuals. The big mining outfits were the first to ravish the West. Next came the "cut and get out" timber barons. And then the stockmen. In a hurry to become rich, Westerners have destroyed the land, the source of their wealth.

The best land in the Rockies is found in high mountain valleys, five, ten, or even fifteen miles wide. These valleys have no streams on their floors. Over the centuries they have been filled, often to great depth, with millions of tons of water-borne material from the neighboring slopes. On the rich bottom land the grass used to grow tall and lush. But when the stockmen began to graze too many animals on these ideal pastures, the grass cover was nibbled away, the rains cut furrows in the ground, and the soil was washed out of the valleys. Today some of these channels are fifty feet deep and five hundred feet wide; the valleys are being changed into ravines.

The soil, rocks, and vegetation washed out of the uplands is carried by small streams into the great rivers, where the tragic effects can be seen by any traveler. Not long ago the Rio Grande near Albuquerque had high banks and a deep channel and flowed usefully through its pleasant irrigated valley in high New Mexico. But the millions of tons of earth and sand carried down from the mountains have so filled the channel that even a small flood menaces the entire valley and Albuquerque is in the futile and endless business of building dikes. The dikes have already destroyed the Rio Grande's usefulness as drainage for the valley. Thousands of acres have become waterlogged; alkali has come to the surface. Land irrigated for three hundred years by the Spaniards and the Indians is now being abandoned. And the story does not end here. Much of the sediment is carried on to the very mouth of the river. Floods, loss of fertility, and water-hunger go with it. All the West's great river basins face the same danger.

The Rocky Mountain watershed is the fountainhead which gives life to the whole West from the Mississippi to the Pacific. In the hills of Idaho is being decided the future of the still fertile basin of the Columbia River. Whether Southern California will thrive or wither away

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depends on what happens on the headwaters of the Colorado in Wyoming and Utah. According to Michael Straus, Commissioner of Reclamation, the Colorado River is "the first example of the approaching end of a vital indispensable national resource." Texas will bake because of what has happened on the Rio Grande in New Mexico and Colorado. And the Middle West, our bread basket, will be successively flooded out and left dry by the Missouri River, its fate determined in the snowcapped mountains of Montana.

Year by year the ruin of the Rocky Mountain watershed goes on, while government agencies nibble at the problem. The best and biggest job is being done by the Bureau of Reclamation, which is in charge of irrigation and the development of hydroelectric power. Last year, however, corporate-minded politicians cut the bureau's appropriation 47 per cent. The entire West rose in outrage at this threat to its basic needs. Some of the cuts have been restored, but the work has been slowed.

Flood control is the prerogative of the Army Engineers who seem to deliver their benefits only to those private contractors who prosper from building down-river dams and levees. A long time back the Engineers invented the theory that a river imprisoned in a strait-jacket of dikes would scour out a new and deeper bed. Recurring floods have proved their theory wrong, but they still go on in their old way, secure in their belief that pork barrels will always be in style and that consequently the Army Engineers will continue to be the white-haired boys when Congress hands out appropriations. Only once has their complacency been shaken. That was when it seemed that Congress might create a Missouri Valley Authority and wipe out the bit-by-bit approach along with the pork barrel. Out of this scare was born the Pick-Sloan plan, which was more a smoke screen than a plan. Hurriedly conceived, it was the product of a "shotgun" wedding between the Army Engineers and the Bureau of Reclamation. Meanwhile the project for an over-all authority, the only way to save the whole central part of the United States from decline, is shelved on the insistence of vested government agencies, selfish individuals, private power companies, and Eastern corporations.

THE industrial development of the West could keep the young people at home, but there is no hope of that; the discriminatory freight rates imposed by the rich East make it impossible. The West thought it might benefit by the trend toward decentralization of industry until it read the statement of Henry Ford II: "Because of transportation costs, future moves of most fabricating units will probably be limited to an area no farther than, say, Indiana or the western part of New York State."

One group of Westerners is challenging the dictatorship of the East. The wool growers of the mountain states have always been forced to ship their wool to Boston for scouring by the fact that freight rates are very low for uncleaned wool and prohibitively high for scoured wool. Now, prodded by poverty, the mountain men have decided that this business of shipping burrs, ticks, and field dirt must stop. They will build their own scouring plants and clean their wool before it starts for Boston. When no uncleaned wool is offered, they believe the freight rates will be changed. The Bostonians declare that the idea is preposterous: a wool-scouring plant is beyond the capacity of the people of a "tumble-weed state." The governors of four Western states have now combined to put the Easterners in their places.

There have been such challenges before. But the Rocky Mountain states are still company domain, colonial outposts for big Eastern corporations. Some local rebellions against the mining, power, and transportation barons were put down summarily. Others were thwarted by politicians. Still others were frustrated in more subtle ways, as happened when the West crusaded to save the Geneva Steel plant in Utah. When the war ended and this big plant was shut down, the entire West demanded that it be reopened and made the basis of a steel industry which could supply the region's peace-time needs. The Eastern steel masters were unmoved until Pittsburgh became painfully aware that Henry Kaiser, maverick industrialist, was ready and able to take over the Geneva plant. Then the United States Steel Company suddenly bought Geneva—at 20 cents on the dollar of its original cost. The transaction revealed the smoothly working relationship between Eastern industrialists and a large number of Western politicians.

Big Steel, now firmly in control, has since given the West another and somewhat contemptuous demonstration of its power. It appears that the discriminatory freight rates about which the West protests so vehemently can easily be changed—when it is to the benefit of the East. Geneva has been granted a drastic reduction, and what is more, the reduction is confined entirely to products moving from mills owned by United States Steel. Kaiser, who also produces steel in the West, does not benefit. On the contrary, Kaiser now finds that the lowered rates, applicable only to Big Steel, have placed him in a dangerous position competitively. More than one Westerner is convinced that this was the original intention.

The problem of bringing prosperity to the mountains is truly complicated, since there can be no real solution short of curbing multi-billion-dollar companies. United States Steel, Anaconda, the Morgan-dominated Electric Bond and Share Company, the railroads, and the great New York and Boston banks which call the tune for the packing companies and the woolen industry are major strands in the web which has enmeshed the residents of the finest part of America. But the rivalry between government agencies and the greed of individuals have contributed to the unfortunate result.

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Del Vayo—War Boom Without War?

TO THOSE who consider the Atlantic Pact a model of preventive strategy, April 4, the day when it will be signed, may seem like the dawn of eternal peace. The source of their confidence is the belief that there will be no war unless one is started by the perverse men in the Kremlin. It is out of this feeling that the idea of the *cordon sanitaire* emerged. Russia, with all it represents, must be inclosed in an iron ring. Even before the Atlantic Pact is signed, a Mediterranean pact is in the making, and from Tokyo come rumors of a Pacific pact, with MacArthur's Japan the keystone of an Asiatic "democratic" alliance.

The diplomats have made the generals' dream come true, and Clay was no visionary when he spoke privately, not long ago, of pushing Russia back behind its original frontiers; he meant, I suppose, that the Baltic states would recover their independence. Then we may have a Baltic pact also.

One problem remains—the ominous activities of the Communist fifth columns, which, working from within, threaten to hold up the signing of the pact. Count Sforza, more imaginative, as a Latin, than Ernest Bevin, quickly discovered that the Atlantic Pact had curative virtues which might be effective against this internal sickness too. The alliance, he told the Roman senators, according to a Rome dispatch in the New York *Herald Tribune* on March 23, will reduce the danger of a Communist revolution in Italy; "Communists will now hesitate before embarking on any adventure." The Count, with his love of classic diplomatic memoirs, should have remembered that Metternich used somewhat similar words when he was constructing the Holy Alliance. The member states, he said, could count on the cooperation of foreign armies in putting down internal revolts. In accordance with this understanding the short-lived liberal regime in Spain was smashed by the French in 1823.

With a double *cordon sanitaire*, around the Soviet Union and around the Communists in each country, the enthusiasts for the Atlantic Pact consider the danger of Russian aggression finally dispelled.

But suppose the United States, not Russia, should take the first steps leading to conflict? I am aware that the mere mention of such a possibility is blasphemous. A corollary of the proposition that all danger comes from Moscow is that a country like the United States would never take the initiative; it is this which gives the Atlantic Pact its definitely defensive character. Unfortunately, not all people outside this country share this point of view. And just as criticism of the pact in Europe is not confined to Moscow's spokesmen, so those who fear that the United States might one day start a war are not found exclusively in the editorial offices of *l'Humanité* or *Unità*.

It must be granted that one reason why the United States might go to war has been eliminated. Some people once feared that this country might want to fight again in defense of democracy. But the possibility of an ideological crusade against totalitarianism has been greatly diminished since the State Department changed its policy toward Franco and began to urge the abrogation of the United Nations resolution of 1946. It will not make sense to talk of a war for democracy if Franco becomes an ally—not to mention Portugal, which has already been invited to sign the Atlantic Pact.

Could the American people be induced to go to war by hatred of Russia, or by fear of Russia? Both emotions are very widespread, but European observers are not worried on this score. Their anxiety stems chiefly from the possibility that the United States might have to go to war to avert a ruinous depression.

I know very well that this is the language of Moscow. But it is also the language—in private—of people who cannot abide the Russians, who hate the Kremlin as much as do Senators Connally and Vandenberg. Their reasoning runs as follows: The crisis of the thirties was overcome only by the war economy of the forties. In 1939 ten million people in the United States were without jobs; during the war unemployment disappeared. Half as many factories as existed in 1939 were built in the space of five years. At the end of the war the United States possessed 60 per cent of the world's industrial capacity.

But that is only one side of the picture. People who support the pact as a warning to Russia argue that the arms economy it implies need not lead to war as an alternative to depression; the state, they believe, will be able to apply vigorous controls and prevent a crisis. But more than one foreign observer doubts that the United States government, committed to the defense of free enterprise, could possibly intervene effectively in time of peace. With all its defects the Labor government of Great Britain is better able to handle an economic crisis. They argue therefore that the United States, already embarked on a program of rearmament, cannot possibly turn back on its tracks once it is committed to an all-out plan to equip the Western world for war and will have no alternative except an ultimate military showdown.

Of course a peaceful way out would be a vast new New Deal and a return to a policy which would conceive of the Marshall Plan not as aid for one bloc against another but as a method of bringing recovery and progress to the whole world.

The subject is of the utmost interest. It has been treated by Fritz Sternberg in his last book, "Living with Crisis." But I should like to see it discussed by several competent American economists, without bias, with complete frankness, without fear of being suspected of following the Moscow line. May I ask economists to send their views to *The Nation?* If they can point the way to a method of avoiding depression *and* war they will be rendering a great service to their country and to the general cause of peace. I would like to hear the opinion of such men as Leon Keyserling, Vladimir Kazakevich, Harry W. Laidler, and Otto Nathan.

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

O, OMEGA, INVOCATION

O, thou O, opening O,
Passing from earth into a sky
Drained of last wings,
Then beyond the empyrean blue
Passing passing through light
Into space too white for seeing . . .

O, thou O, passing beyond
Light, into sound
Where one trumpet sustains
Concentrated symphonies
On the peak of one note,
Then passing passing beyond
To all sound silence . . .

O, thou O, beyond silence
Invoking gods and goddesses,
The owl-eyed, the up-finger-pointing,
Imaged flesh changing
From idea into form
Then back to bodilessness,
Continual metamorphosis
Of gods changing to godlessness . . .

O, thou O, returning to
Thyself, O, whose black
Hoop, circling on white
Paper, vanishes where the eye
Springs through thee, O,
Beyond space silence image,
O thou, word of beginning
Oh with what wordless end.

STEPHEN SPENDER

CHURCHILL'S FINEST HOUR

THE SECOND WORLD WAR. Volume II. Their Finest Hour. By Winston S. Churchill. Houghton Mifflin Company. $6.

PEOPLE not infrequently remark how shockingly ungrateful the British voters were in 1945 when they unceremoniously replaced their great war leader, Winston Churchill, by the relatively colorless Clement Attlee. That Churchill shares this opinion was made clear by a rather bitter sentence on the last page of "The Gathering Storm," the first volume of his Second World War series.

I believe, however, the verdict of history will be that the British people showed a wonderful maturity of judgment when they made a careful distinction between Churchill, the incomparable head of a war-time National Government, and Churchill the leader of a party ill-equipped to grapple with the problems of peace. They admired and cherished him, but they recognized his limitations and were he able to do so himself, he would perceive the boon conferred on him by their apparent ingratitude.

It would have been sad, indeed, if Churchill's magnificent achievements from 1940 to 1945 had been followed by a record of post-war failure. Almost certainly that would have been the case had he continued as Prime Minister. All his instincts and those of the mass of his party would have pulled policy in one direction: all the objective economic facts of the situation would have tugged it the other way. Although no Tory government could have resisted change entirely, past performance justifies the belief that in attempting to preserve as much of the status quo as possible it would have provoked the kind of social crisis Britain suffered after 1918 and perhaps an even more severe one. In coping with such situations Churchill has never been at his best, as witness his role in the general strike of 1926.

In any case we can all rejoice that he has used his enforced leisure to tell his story of World War II. I say "his story" because neither he nor any other major leader can provide a rounded and definitive account of the conflict. Moreover, this book emphasizes the military and diplomatic aspects of the struggle; the economic, social, and industrial phases are barely touched upon.

I do not complain about that. Grand strategy was Churchill's main concern. He ordered the tools required to carry it out and left to others details of the planning needed to produce them. Nor can this book be criticized because its author's selection and interpretation of facts is colored by a desire to present the case for his country and himself in the most favorable light. How could it be otherwise! No doubt in future years professional historians will weigh his statements against those of others and find some overloaded. It is their job to separate as far as possible the bright metal of truth from the rich ore which such contemporary documents afford.

But if from that point of view this work is raw material, artistically it is a highly finished product—a great masterpiece of English prose. Writing in the New York *Times* recently, Alistair Cooke suggested an affinity between Churchill and Gibbon. Undoubtedly there is some literary kinship, but Churchill's style, unlike that of the historian of the Roman Empire, does not depend for its effects on the architecture of stately but elaborate periods. On the contrary his eloquence relies on the brief sentence propelled by the strong and active verb. It is rooted in simplicity. Reading Churchill, I think of the sea. His prose has its saltiness and its varied rhythms. Sometimes it pounds on the ear like surf on a rocky coast; sometimes it recalls the mighty roll of a mid-Atlantic swell.

Aspirants to high office might well study Churchill's use of language, bearing in mind that it is inimitable. They will also find this book full of useful hints about how to run a government. The Churchill Cabinet functioned as a team. No one doubted he was the boss, but he understood the uses of persuasion. At the same time he enforced discipline. Under his captaincy there seems to have been none of the scandalous civil war between the "frock-coats" and the "brass-hats" that accompanied Lloyd George's occupancy of 10 Downing Street in World War I.

Churchill is a great believer in use of the written word in administration—something for which posterity can be grateful—and the reader will find both in the text and appendix of this book

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innumerable examples of the "minutes" that streamed from his desk. They were the medium he used to suggest, prod, question, inspire, and, when necessary, direct; and they provide a fascinating picture of an active and ranging mind working at top speed.

"Their Finest Hour" covers a period of barely eight months, but they were perhaps the most crucial months of the war. "Now at last," it opens, "the slowly gathered, long-pent-up fury of the storm broke upon us." Just installed as head of the new National Government, Churchill faced the *Blitzkrieg* in the west. These were days when each dawn brought new disaster and the friends of democracy had to find what consolation they could from such brilliant salvage operations as the rescue of the army from the sands of Dunkirk. France fell, and Britain faced invasion almost unarmed. The U-boat blockade tightened. The *Luftwaffe* menaced British air bases and attacked the cities. Mussolini threatened the Suez Canal.

"We shall fight in the fields and in the streets," said Churchill, adding under his breath, "and beat the blankety-blanks over the head with bottles; we've nothing else." But the navy kept command of Britain's seas, the R. A. F. of its skies, and Hitler, like Napoleon, decided bear-hunting offered better sport than channel-swimming. America helped to replace the arms lost at Dunkirk, while in British factories workers stuck by their machines until they dropped. The destroyers' deal went through in Washington, and there was a promise of lend-lease. As this volume closes, the first British counter-offensive has started, and the Fascist legions are on the run in Libya.

Reading this book brings back the days when we, spectators at one of the most harrowing yet thrilling dramas in history, denied the nerve-tonic of action, stayed tensely by our radios. At times it seemed that only a miracle could save the beleaguered island. And, indeed, there were miracles: the refusal of the British people to acknowledge even the possibility of defeat and their demonstration of the strength that lies in democratic diversity.

"This was the time," writes Churchill, "when all Britain worked and strove to the utmost limit and was united as never before. . . . The sense of fear seemed entirely lacking. . . . Vast numbers of people were resolved to conquer or die. There was no need to rouse their spirit by oratory. They were glad to hear me express their sentiments and give them good reasons for what they meant to do or to try to do."

Because the British people had faith in themselves, their darkest hour became their finest. And in Winston Churchill they found not only the leader they deserved but a chronicler worthy of their deeds.

KEITH HUTCHISON

NOTES BY THE WAY

BY MARGARET MARSHALL

I WISH I could say that Sinclair Lewis's latest novel, "The God-Seeker" (Random House, $3.50) is a book to cherish. Its theme is interesting and moving. The book tells the story of a young New England carpenter, Aaron Gadd, who gets religion, goes to the Minnesota country to be a missionary to the Indians, discovers that the truth is not all on one side, or on any side, and ends by becoming a secular

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builder of houses and the future in the frontier town of St. Paul. The Old Master of Sauk Center has not lost his gusto or his humor—witness the Foreword in which he expresses his gratitude for help to the Minnesota Historical Society, which, he remarks, "was cannily founded in 1849 to record state history before there was any state or much of any history." Moreover, as the Foreword indicates, Mr. Lewis has done his homework, and it shows throughout the book and particularly in his picture of frontier life.

The story moves steadily and straight ahead in the first part of the book—and incidentally Lewis's picture of a New England Puritan household and of Aaron Gadd's fierce father who dominated it is extremely good. But shortly thereafter the tension slackens, and the story begins to slow down. One gets the feeling that Lewis himself has become a bit bored, that he is writing on out of doggedness rather than delight and is very easily distracted. There are stretches where the reader feels even that, in spirit at least, the author has gone away altogether and left him stranded. Reading the book somehow reminded me of the journey we used to take each fall getting back to Ogden, Utah, from the ranch in southern Idaho where we spent the summers. The route skirted the north end of Great Salt Lake, and on several occasions the train stopped in the middle of the salt flats—which are a little more lugubrious, I suspect, than nowhere—while the engineer and crew went duck-hunting. Every once in a while I felt that Lewis had gone duck-hunting. Eventually, he gets the book to its destination, but since boredom and doggedness make for length not brevity, it's long overdue.

The main trouble, I think, is that Mr. Lewis's heart is not really in Aaron Gadd, who, alas, has none of his father's fierceness and emerges as a cross between a do-gooder and a rather sorry Hamlet with a very pale cast of thought. Lewis obviously takes much more delight in the devil, Lanark, and, again, his satiric portrait of a head missionary (Squire Harge) is more convincing than his "straight" picture of Aaron.

IT IS SIGNIFICANT that Lewis has turned for a subject to pre-Main Street America, and that he approaches it in the spirit neither of the debunker nor of the glorifier, but as if he were seriously interested in finding out and communicating the reality. During the past decade the United States has given over, however reluctantly and awkwardly, its adolescent daydream of isolation. In the same period there has been what can only be called a movement to take stock of the American experience. Since new perspectives are likely to stimulate fresh inquiry into familiar materials, I can't help feeling that there is a deep-lying connection between the decline of isolationism and the accelerated interest in American history. And I think that the second development as well as the first indicates that we may be growing up.

IN MY HOME guests insist on Chesterfields because they're so *mild*.—Joan Fontaine. But what if your guests are *wild*?

THE TROUBLE with Bernard Shaw, as an inveterate punster remarked the other day, is that he's always Shawing off.

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Portrait of J. P. Morgan

THE GREAT PIERPONT MORGAN. By Frederick Lewis Allen. Harper and Brothers. $3.50.

IRONICALLY, it is the believers in economic determinism who have most often pictured John Pierpont Morgan the elder as personally responsible for many of the evils of nineteenth-century capitalism.

Frederick Lewis Allen presents a much more convincing picture of Morgan as a leader among many men whose attitudes were very similar to his own. If anything, he was more scrupulous than most in following the standards of honesty as he saw them, and he refused so far as possible to have dealings with men he did not trust. He had a strong distaste for doing business with anyone he did not regard as a gentlemen.

Looking backward from the middle of the twentieth century, it seems improbable that United States history and business development would have been significantly different if there had never been a House of Morgan. He was the leader of the banking community; but the others would have done much the same things if he had not been there. While it appeared at the time, for example, that no other man could have put the United States Steel Corporation together, Gary and Gates and Schwab had the idea before Morgan took a hand, and they would probably have managed it sooner or later. In other ventures he was the prime mover, but they were not dissimilar to what his contemporaries were doing.

Times being what they were, the country was on the whole probably fortunate in the character and—according to his own lights—integrity of its dominant banker. His activities were perhaps less constructive than those of the empire builders like Harriman and Hill, but he exercised a stabilizing influence which was at least preferable to the chaos created in the sixties and seventies by such struggles as the fight over the Erie Railroad between Daniel Drew and Jay Gould. Furthermore, he was less rapacious than many. His personal fortune was considerably exceeded by a number of others.

Allen does not share the Morgan point of view that what was good for men of wealth was naturally the best

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thing for the country, but he has written a personal rather than social history, and his attitude may fairly be described as sympathetic tolerance combined with a good deal of admiration for his subject's forcefulness of character.

Some readers may feel that the author has been a bit too generous about the episodes in Morgan's career which have usually been considered discreditable. In the famous incident of the Civil War carbines which were bought from the government at $3.50 and resold to General Fremont at $22, Morgan is presented simply as the money-lender who financed the deal, and the question of whether he knew what was going on is left open. Allen does say, however, that "Morgan, at the age of twenty-four, had at least been headstrong, injudicious, and a bad judge of the character of a well-connected but disreputable customer."

Similarly, in the story of the gold loan to the Treasury in 1895 Morgan is pictured as a man who drove a hard but essentially fair bargain while saving the credit of the country at considerable risk to himself and his associates. The question of whether this was the best way to save the country's credit is not seriously considered; the author may have felt with some justification that it was beyond the scope of a biography.

In any case, the book is always lively reading, exceptionally well written, and often genuinely dramatic. It is carefully documented and well indexed, and it contains a good bibliography for those who may wish to check it against other points of view. The portrait of Morgan which emerges is of a man who was certainly awe-inspiring, able, and likable in some respects if not in all.

This portrait is presented against the background of the times in which Morgan lived, and while this may be used a little too often to excuse actions which would not be admired today, it is unquestionably fairer than a judgment based on standards which have fortunately undergone a healthy change. Leaders in business and finance today are at least aware that people expect them to act with a social responsibility which is very different from the prevailing attitude during most of Morgan's life. In fact, most of our present thinking about the handling of other people's money is deeply colored by the revelations of the Pujo investigation, which was undertaken just before Morgan died and which constitutes the last chapter of his story. Morgan himself apparently never had the slightest doubt that the controls he and his firm exercised through interlocking directorships and other forms of influence were for the benefit of all concerned.

CHARLES E. NOYES

Capote's Tales

A TREE OF NIGHT AND OTHER STORIES. By Truman Capote. Random House. $2.75.

THIS collection contains one extraordinarily good story plus three or four others less good but still memorable that should help redeem Truman Capote, the writer, from that other Capote, the creature of the advertising department and the photographer. Risen from the couch that adorned the jacket of his last year's novel, he leans for this volume, epicene among lush blossoms—very tender, very young. The boy author has been a standard feature of our literature ever since the beginnings of romanticism, and I suppose our generation is entitled to one of its own, but surely Capote deserves better than being fixed in that stereotype.

True, his work shows the occasional overwriting, the twilit Gothic subject matter, and the masochistic uses of horror traditional in the fiction of the boy author ever since the eighteen-year-old Lewis wrote his "Monk" 150 years ago; but Capote has, in addition, an ability to control tone, an honest tenderness toward those of his characters he can understand (children and psychotics), and a splendid sense of humor—seldom remarked upon. In the best of his stories, Children on Their Birthdays, he grasps a situation at once ridiculous and terrible, creating out of the absurdities of love and death among children a rich tension lacking in his other stories, even such successful performances as The Tree of Night and Miriam. On the whole, the level of achievement of these shorter pieces of fiction seems to me a good deal higher than that of Capote's novel, "Other Voices Other Rooms," whose occasional triumphs of style or characterization are more than balanced by poor structure and a general air of padding and pastiche.

Mr. Capote was not then ready to sustain a novel, but as a teller of tales he has a peculiar and remarkable talent. He has certain disturbing faults even in the shorter forms, most notably an inability to *hear* and reproduce common speech; and when he tries occasionally to tell a whole story through the mouth of a simple or vulgar character (My Side of the Matter), he fails dismally. But in his hands the fairy tale and ghost

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story manage to assimilate the attitudes of twentieth-century psychology without losing their integrity, without demanding to be accepted as mere fantasy or explained as mere symbol.

The bogyman, though he fades sometimes into the delusion of the paranoiac, is a *real* bogyman still; indeed, he is scarcely ever absent from these stories, reappearing in various guises, a constant antagonist: the buyer of dreams who is also Master Misery in the story of that name, the old man in Miriam, Mr. Destronelli in The Headless Hawk, Lazarus the Man Who Is Buried Alive in A Tree of Night, a voice on the telephone in Shut a Final Door. These are not symbolic representations of evil but genuine spooks: what the child is told in the whispered tale, what the child knows—what the adult absurdly denies and is destroyed by.

I call him Master Misery on account of that's who he is. Master Misery. Only maybe you call him something else; anyway, he is the same fellow, and you must've known him. All mothers tell their kids about him: he lives in hollows of trees, he comes down chimneys late at night, he lurks in graveyards, and you can hear his step in the attic. The sonofabitch. . . .

In Capote's stories the fairy world, more serious than business or love, is forever closing in upon the skeptical secure world of grown-ups. Only his children—and the natural allies of children, clown or lunatic—are competent to deal with the underground universe of the incredible; they quite simply believe in it. Children are Capote's greatest successes, especially the *Wunderkind*, his other recurring character, the precocious child, sometimes flesh and blood, real if not quite canny, like Appleseed or Miss Bobbit, sometimes fading into a haunt like the title character in Miriam.

Mr. Capote writes not merely of children but from their side; his stories are the kid's imagined revenge upon maturity. Adults find neither mercy nor tenderness in these tales; for to have denied childhood or to have lost faith in its terrors—and simply growing up is such a loss and denial, except for the mad—is to invite nemesis. Capote's children are the bearers of this mystery, and no adult ever faces down a child in his stories.

Only in Children on their Birthdays, the most complex and satisfying of these tales, is there a double irony, when the astonishing Miss Bobbit, the little girl who has shocked, cowed, and bullied a whole town of grown-ups, is killed, at the point of leaving for Hollywood (the child's paradise), by the six o'clock bus, blind on its adult business. This story alone is enough to make the volume worth having, but there are rewards too in the other pieces, and it is a pity that so many fewer people will read this book than have read "Other Voices Other Rooms." Here is Mr. Capote's essential achievement so far.

LESLIE A. FIEDLER

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Verse Chronicle

WILLIAM EMPSON'S "Collected Poems" (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50) seem to me of Cambridge all compact, erudition, lore, and what the author, in his notes, calls notions, rammed and stuffed together in a style that for all the dense agglutination—"clotted" is Mr. Empson's word—remains, at times, incoherent. This, perhaps, is a kind of verse we might be having much more of had not the fashion set in, a century or so ago, of conceding large areas to prose. A critics', not a poets', poet is met here, one for whom Keewanee and Senyon will raise hosannas, jubilates, and alleluias, whereas hoi polloi, among whom count this reviewer, would prefer the emotion a little less cerebral, the music a little more familiar with melodic line. One has nothing against brains, God knows, but why must the brain always act in such a stuffy stand-offish manner toward the ear? The poor untutored heart, for all its sentimental errors, is much more hospitable. Mr. Empson's poetry is accompanied by several pages of notes—these birds being reserved for the dons—wherein he seems both unduly compulsive and a little too protestant. Diffidence is all very well, but too many remarks like "This doesn't quite come off," or, "I failed to get this into the line" lead the reader to suspect that real modesty would have gone in a little more strenuously for revision, or suppression.

If Mr. Empson cannot be called hysterical, neither can Kenneth Patchen ("Red Wine and Yellow Hair," New Directions, $2) be accused of diffidence. His verse has a different kind of incoherence from Mr. Empson's: there is excess, rather than lack, of emotion; the material not so much condensed as exploded. Out of anger and disgust he cuts loose with the epithets like Dizzy Dean's fast one—why bother with change of pace or control? Too often one feels that, in all this excitement, the adjectives could be switched to other nouns with no loss of total effect, and who would know the difference?

Richard Eberhart's ten-page poem,

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"Brotherhood of Men" (Banyan Press, no price stated on the review copy), is less incoherent, but it is not well composed either, being split right down the middle by the discrepancy of matter and manner. The reader is asked to keep one eye on the horrors suffered by the victims of Corregidor through the shifts of their imprisonment to their eventual release, and the other on the feats Mr. Eberhart is performing, for no especially cogent reason, with Anglo-Saxon rhythms and alliterative tours de force. The horrors, it must be said, make the stronger impression, but the stuntiness of the medium gives the curious and no doubt far from intended effect of making the author seem rather detached and indifferent.

James Broughton won a Phelan award for his short verse-drama, "The Playground" (Centaur Press, $2.50). The play, performed at Mills College, owes a little something to Auden, to Eliot, to Cummings, to Cocteau (his indignant friends, I expect, will shortly be writing letters claiming that he never heard of any of the four of them). The line of events does not seem to me to proceed in steep-enough ascent to be highly dramatic, but it might be that the dance would reveal excitement above the level of the reading eye. This is an entertaining job, with a sort of little-theater brightness about it, enthusiasm, gaiety, and charm. A group I saw during the Christmas holidays when they revived Auden's "The Dog Beneath the Skin," the Interplayers, so-called, might, if they still survive, look into this ironic little *Fantasie-Stück* of Mr. Broughton's; it might be just right for their combination of talents, their light-hearted seriousness, and their mutual delight in, and respect for, each other.

ROLFE HUMPHRIES

Books in Brief

JOHN C. CALHOUN: 1829-1839. By Charles M. Wiltse. Bobbs-Merrill. $6. This second of a three-volume biography covers in great detail one of the most fascinating decades in American political history. Among the events described are the Peggy Eaton feud, the Hayne-Webster debates, the Bank fight, and the inflation and panic. An excellent book, well written and well documented.

THE POLLSTERS. By Lindsay Rogers. Knopf. $2.75. A whole-hearted, effective, and rather witty attempt to destroy the science, art, or legerdemain of public-opinion polling by impugning its accuracy, questioning its utility, and denouncing its philosophy.

EDUCATION FOR PEACE. By Herbert Read. Scribner's. $2.75. A program for assuring peace, once war is renounced. Mr. Read is a man of taste and feeling, and his scheme for education in the playful harmonies of music, poetry, and the dance is attractive. As yet, however, there is no horse to pull this appealing cart.

Art

CLEMENT GREENBERG

PERHAPS the most important symptom of the crisis in which, in my opinion, Picasso's painting has been involved since the end of the twenties is his endeavor to paint "French." As a symptom it strikes me as even more crucial than the more obvious and extravagant expressiveness of his art since that time. To paint "French" is to use color and paint-surface as positive structural elements of the picture rather than as mere reinforcements of its design. Not all the great French painters have worked this way, but it is what French painting at its typical best has come to mean since Delacroix, Courbet, Manet, the Impressionists, Cézanne, Bonnard, Matisse, and even Braque: the full and harmonious exploitation of the physical or sensuous properties of pigment—the properties of the medium, that is, as distinct from the resources of the tradition. The picture is to be a delectable object as well as a statement, with color as a major factor, color as a principle of design and not merely its accentuation.

Picasso's strength lies in a different quarter; if French painting, with its cuisine, is related to Venetian, his is related to Florentine. He is a very great draftsman, and he thinks instinctively in terms of dark and light; when he sets those flat decorated planes of his edge to edge he conceives of their contrasts as those of different degrees of light saturation rather than as the contrasts of native, idiosyncratic, particular colors. His cubism showed this no less than did his Blue and Rose periods. But Picasso's ambition to be a "complete" artist, combined with the influence of the French art he went to school with and the French scene in which he has spent most of his life, has for a long time now not permitted him to acknowledge his characteristic limitations. Thus in the early thirties, when

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the original impulse of cubism had finally faded, he embarked upon a competition with Matisse in the matter of color and sheer paint-handling in which he imitated as well as emulated the older artist. Since then his successful canvases have been few and far between, and the general level of his painting has run much below the level he set for himself while a cubist.

But this applies only to Picasso's oil painting. His work in black and white, his pen-and-ink drawings, etchings, and lithographs, have not suffered the same decline. As a draftsman pure and simple he remains in closer touch with his native self and keeps, therefore, his old mastery of contour and space-division, while continuing to show a fertility of invention that subdues more and more experience to art. The color in his oils may mistake garishness for force and disrupt the composition, the paint itself may be applied with an unduly coarse touch, but in his black and white work we find nothing but grace, justness, energy; all this with an originality of conception in the details that is still beyond the powers of the best of his contemporaries. And as long as Picasso only tints his drawings and uses color thinly and lightly as a reinforcement of line, and not as a primary factor, he succeeds as a colorist too.

The show at Buchholz's (through April 2) of a selection of the smaller-sized oils and of the water colors, ink drawings, crayons, and lithographs that Picasso did in 1946, with a few additions from 1947 and 1948, offers a perfect demonstration of the unequal distribution of his gifts. The oils, which show a most outspoken effort to paint "French"—and are not too different in spirit from Braque's recent return to French tradition as before cubism—are lamentably inferior to the graphic work. The latter reveals a consistency of success as one goes from picture to picture such as Picasso last knew under classical cubism, of which these drawings may indeed represent the last remote fruits and final statement. For the feeling with which he refines the human figure into a flat scheme of straight lines and circles and organizes it on the page belongs preponderantly to that earlier period. The spaces inclosed by the lines or circles are most often left to the white of the paper; sometimes, however, they are lightly tinted, sometimes filled in decoratively with solid color, dots, or stripes. It is all easy, cheerful, sure-handed—"classical."

So pat and inevitable is the success of these drawings that they become almost academic. But it is an academicism to which, this once, the artist is entitled; the material he conventionalizes is what he has discovered for himself, and he conventionalizes so perfectly, summing up everything that the second-hand Picassos have been trying so vainly to do these past thirty years, that the results are made useless to any except the most abject of his followers.

In these and other works of Picasso's that one has seen since 1945 is evidence of the beginning of a new and mellower period. The limpid, pastel colors that make even the oils cheerful, the classic pastoral motifs, the increasing resignation to his own limitations—these may be signs of old age's new youth. The reckless triviality of the ceramics (which I find rather pleasing) and of the dozen and a half bronze figurines (which I find nothing but trivial) that are also shown at Buchholz's adds to this impression. But the drawings do even more: for they give us better grounds than anything Picasso has done since his neo-cubist drawings of 1938 to anticipate the resolution of the crisis that has affected his painting in oil during the last twenty years. It is conceivable that he will, at least for a while, regain on canvas that consistency of success and that authenticity which he seems never to have lost on paper.

Records

B. H. HAGGIN

VICTOR (RCA) has issued a set (DM-1287, $4.75) of Beethoven's Overture "Zur Weihe des Hauses" ("For the Consecration of the House") and Schumann's "Manfred" Overture, performed by Toscanini and the N.B.C. Symphony. The Schumann piece has long been part of the standard repertory; its form is diffuse, but its substance includes lovely and touchingly expressive details. The Beethoven, on the other hand, is one of the least known of his works: I can recall no concert performance—even in Toscanini's Beethoven cycles—before his broadcast of it two years ago. And it is one that calls for repeated hearing: a work of his last period that is quite different from the Ninth Symphony and last sonatas and quartets, and more like some of the unfamiliar "Diabelli" Variations and last Bagatelles, with a strangeness like theirs which caused it to sound like nothing at all to me when I first heard the Weingartner recording years ago. My review at that time brought me a letter from a young reader who could not understand my failure to appreciate a work that Tovey called one of Beethoven's grandest, and who asked me to listen again. I did—with Tovey's analysis pointing out what to listen for; and this time there were exciting revelations of what I had missed the first time.

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("With Tovey's analysis pointing out what to listen for," I might interject here, describes the actual use that people like myself have made of Tovey's writing, as opposed to Dr. Alfred Einstein's erroneous idea of that use, which he expressed not long ago in his praise of a "book based not on the writing of Sir Donald Tovey or of Ernest Newman, but on the sources themselves: the music and the theorists of the sixteenth century." People like myself, that is, have cited statements of Tovey which had lighted the way for our own experience of the music—as Dr. Einstein's statements have not done: he obviously loves the works of Mozart, but writes about them with unilluminating fatuousness.)

The performances of the overtures are superb. The recorded sound of the Beethoven is clear, clean, and brilliant, but unresonant; that of the Schumann is enriched by greater resonance, but not clean in loud passages.

The first and second movements of Bartok's Sonata No. 1 for violin and piano (DM-1286, $6) are the kind of music by Bartok that has led me to say his mind travels in regions of musical thought in which my own finds no path; the wild dance portions of the finale I find comprehensible. The performance by Menuhin and Baller seems good—with the violin coming off the record shrill now and then, but the piano sounding excellent, and surfaces quite obtrusive.

The lovely first movement of Beethoven's Sonata Opus 24 for violin and piano (DM-1283, $3.50) gets a hurried, hectic performance by Heifetz and Bay; and Heifetz's tone comes off the record with a brash quality which I am sure is not its own. Surfaces are noisy.

Horowitz plays Mozart's Sonata K.-332 (DM-1284, $3.50) as simply as he can—which is, however, not without some evidence of his affetuoso style and his excessive preoccupation with fine gradation of tone. That tone is well reproduced; surfaces are noisy. The Khabalevsky Sonata Opus 46 that Horowitz has recorded (DM-1282, $3.50) can be ignored.

On a single record (12-0431) Byron Janis plays Chopin's Etude Opus 10 No. 3 with sentimentalizing rubato and extravagances of tempo, and Opus 25 Nos. 3 and 5 with brilliance. On another (12-0767) Gigli and Elmo sing *Ai nostri monti* from "Il Trovatore" and Gigli alone *Vainement, ma bien aimée* from Lalo's "Le Roi d'Ys." In the first piece Elmo's beautiful voice is not always at its best and Gigli's is like iron; in the second, which seems to have been recorded more recently, his voice has some of the lightness and flexibility of its early years.

Columbia has issued a volume (MM-809, $3.90) of Mahler's less consequential songs, sung by Desi Halban, soprano, with musical intelligence but with a voice that gets shrill and tremolo-ridden in loud high notes, and with sloppy piano accompaniments by Bruno Walter which seem to come from the next room.

From Mercury there is Schubert's great "Death and the Maiden" Quartet excellently performed by the Fine Arts Quartet, and well reproduced except for a slight extra resonance in the high notes of the violins which disappeared when I reduced the range (DM-14, $6.55).

And Falla's Harpsichord Concerto (MDM-5, $3.), a work of elaborate craftsmanship that I find no more engaging or interesting this time than twenty-odd years ago, and that is well performed by Ralph Kirkpatrick with Alexander Schneider, violin, Mitchell Miller, oboe, Samuel Baron, flute, Harold Freeman, clarinet, and Bernard Greenhouse, cello.

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Letters to the Editors

Does the Context Help?

Dear Sirs: The editorial paragraph about Dr. Guy Emery Shipler in your issue of March 5 is very misleading. You must remember that the *Churchman* awards which were given to Dwight D. Eisenhower, Wendell L. Willkie, and Franklin D. Roosevelt were made before the *Churchman* and Dr. Shipler were identified in the public mind with the Communist Party line. Our report on Dr. Shipler indicated that he is or was affiliated with more than a score of well-known Communist-front groups. Also that the *Churchman* has plugged the party line on nearly all issues.

Your editorial lifted, completely out of context, a sentence from our report. All the facts I have cited should be kept in mind, and the full paragraph of which you quoted only one sentence should in all fairness be published in *The Nation*. It reads:

> No Communist-Fronter—by definition—will admit he is one; it is a label which always must be attached with great effort. By definition, a Communist-Fronter is one who denies being associated with the Communist political or propaganda movement!

Yours for the democratic way of life.
L. M. BIRKHEAD,
Friends of Democracy
New York, March 11

Look, Ma, I'm Squelching

Dear Sirs: In your issue of March 12 the Reverend Edwin E. Aiken, Jr., described his experience as a participant in a radio forum in Gardner on the subject "How Do the American People View the Religious Persecutions in Europe?" Mr. Aiken states that he was checked by the chairman of the forum when he (Mr. Aiken) undertook to relay some of the information contained in an article by Ruth Karpf in *The Nation* of January 8. I was that chairman, and it is true that I squelched him when he began to inject material which, as moderator, I felt was not germane to the subject of the forum. Cardinal Mindszenty had been "tried" and convicted and sentenced. He was not on trial again in Gardner. Moreover, I did not think that a periodical such as *The Nation*, with its well-known anti-Catholic bias, was a reliable source from which to

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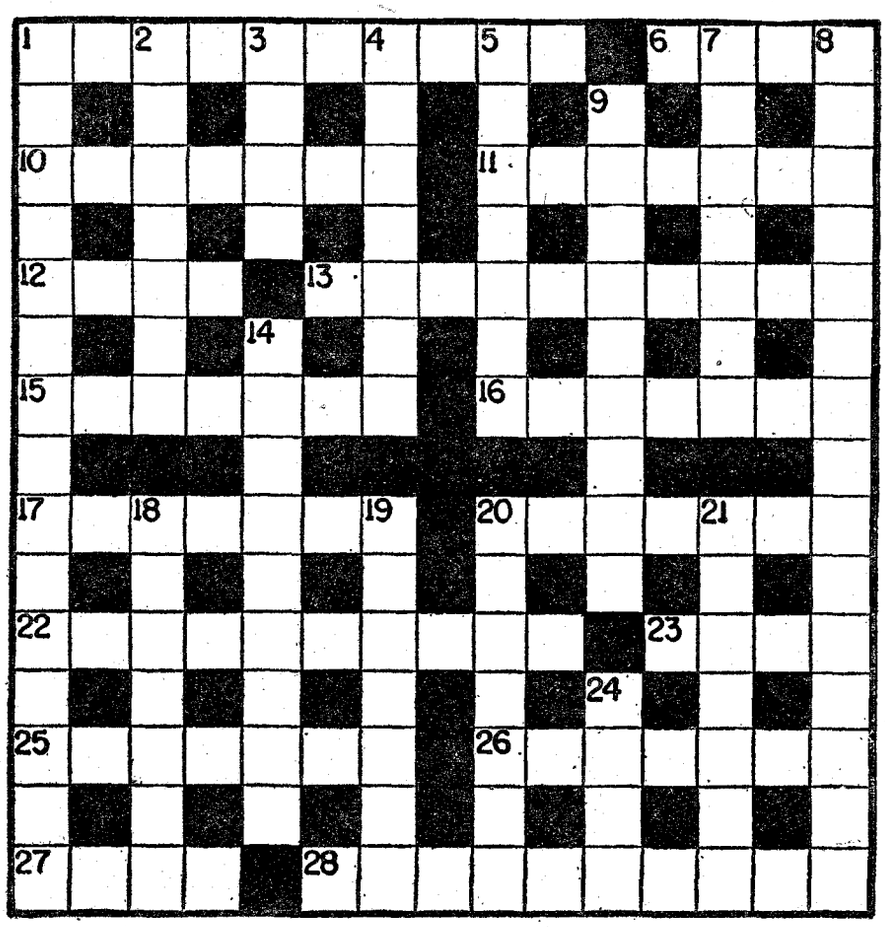
Crossword Puzzle No. 307

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Hamlet and Laertes, for example? (5, 5)
6 Temporarily given for a fast time. (4)
10 Puck's fools. (7)
11 The writer sounds like the curb isn't on. (7)
12 Shakespeare's was gentle, and weary of rest. (4)
13 Caught spirits (out of their heads, or skins)? (5, 5)
15 I have no character, obviously. (7)
16 Mitropoulos or Shostakovitch. (7)
17 Plaits. (7)
20 Leveling off after five or so? (7)
22 Removes a limit seen in a mix-up. (10)
23 This river certainly should smell! (4)
25 He's worth his weight in gold. (3, 4)
26 This falls on the borderline. (7)
27 Narcissus' love always seems to come back. (4)
28 See 3 down.

DOWN

1 See 3 down
2 Cataline was here during the trial. (7)
3, 28, 14, 8 and 1. How a famous portmanteau-carrier got started. (4, 7, 3, 3, 6, 5, 3, 4, 3, 6, 2, 3, 4)
4 Bees can make this. (7)
5 Turns over again, when this. (7)
7 Tire from an auto? (7)
8 See 3.
9 Moore said there's a bower of roses by its stream. (9)
14 See 3.
18 Gray got the pip a bit toward the end. (7)
19 Wrench out of an English dictionary. (7)
20 Are mixed with 6 in the city of Rome. (7)
21 Brave, and a state to be in! (7)
24 Move down the field. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 306

ACROSS:—1 ARTICLES; 5 NIGHTS; 9 and 16 THE DUST OF DEATH; 10 AVENGED; 11 CURATOR; 12 GYRATES; 13 BACCALAUREATE; 15 FLOATING STOCK; 21 RED WINE; 22 ARABIAN; 23 GRAVEST; 24 LOITERS; 25 TO HEEL; 26 ASSASSIN.

DOWN:—1 ANTICS; 2 THE CRAB; 3 CAUSTIC; 4 ENTERTAINMENT; 6 IN ERROR; 7 HIGH TEA; 8 SIDE-STEP; 10 AUGEAN STABLES; 14 AFFRIGHT; 17 TRIREME; 18 OCARINA; 19 KAISERS; 20 UNISON.

Readers are invited to send for a free copy of Mr. Lewis's "ground rules." Address requests to Puzzle Dept., The Nation, 20 Vesey Street, New York 7, New York.

quote—even if the material *had* been pertinent to the topic.

May I add that I also squelched a fellow Unitarian minister for doing much as Mr. Aiken did, using as his arsenal the *Churchman*, another magazine noted for its antagonism to the great Roman Catholic church?

Gardner is a city which is preponderantly Roman Catholic. There is a fine spirit of religious tolerance here which I, for one, do not want to have destroyed by those who confuse "freedom of expression" with freedom to arouse religious intolerance and rancor.

May I, in conclusion, absolve the radio station from Mr. Aiken's charge of having "instructed" the participants to deal gently with the Roman Catholic church? I conducted the forum according to my best insights of fairness. Whatever occurred was my responsibility. If Mr. Aiken, who is a good friend of mine, feels that in this instance he did not have fair treatment, he knows where I live, and he can deal with me as he sees fit.

EDWARD JAY MANNING,
Minister, First Unitarian Church
Gardner, Mass., March 15

A Free Press?

Dear Sirs: On January 22 the (Columbus) *Ohio State Journal* published a story and a picture of a former priest who had renounced his vows and married outside the church. Bishop Michael J. Ready called for a boycott of the newspaper, and thousands of subscriptions were canceled. The paper then printed an apology in its edition of January 24. I am also reliably informed that the person who had handled the story was discharged.

JOHN TAYLOR ALTON
Columbus, Ohio, March 9

A. D. A. Trip to Britain

Dear Sirs: Americans for Democratic Action is sponsoring a trip to Britain this summer via planes chartered by Youth Argosy. The purpose of the trip will be to give Americans sympathetic to and interested in the program of the British Labor Party an opportunity to get a first-hand glimpse of what is going on in Britain today. Students will attend Labor Party summer school as well as sessions conducted by the Fabians, the Trade Union Congress, the Workers' Education Association, and in addition they will visit industrial and rural areas in England. Your readers

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FRANCES ADAMS
Trip Director

Washington, March 21

Not Toussaint, His Son

Dear Sirs: In reading Rolfe Humphries's review (in *The Nation,* February 19) of "The Poetry of the Negro" by Langston Hughes and Arna Bontemps, I came upon this rather astonishing statement: "Some of the poetry of Toussaint L'Ouverture is included."

This is a slip, for the poem called "Farewell" on page 353 of the anthology is by Isaac Toussaint-L'Ouverture, the son of *le Premier des Noirs.* Toussaint's son always signed his name as simply "Isaac Louverture."

JAMES W. IVY

New York, March 24

Night School Is Tougher

Dear Sirs: I read with interest the article about Oscar Chapman by Thomas Sancton in your issue of March 5. I would like to point out one error in the sketch: Mr. Chapman graduated from the Westminster Law School rather than from the University of Denver Law School. Westminster is an independent night law school. While the point is not terribly important, it does indicate that Oscar Chapman obtained his legal education under somewhat difficult circumstances.

KARL C. FALCH

Sterling, Colo., March 7

He Only Acts Like One

Dear Sirs: Thomas Sancton, in his article on Oscar Chapman in your issue of March 5, refers to Senator Sheridan Downey as a "California Republican." Mr. Downey has certainly not been a good Democrat lately, but he is not—yet—a Republican.

BERNARD SINSHEIMER

Hollywood, Cal., March 13

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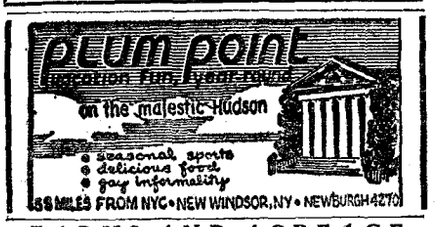
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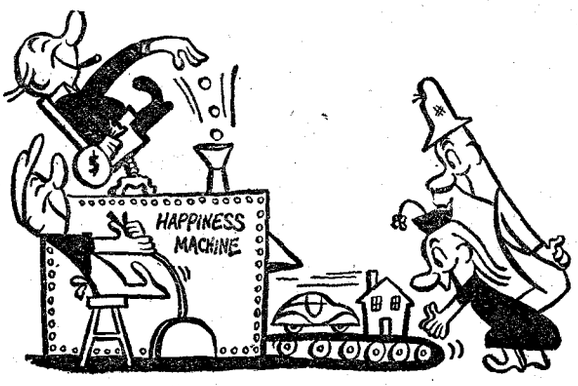
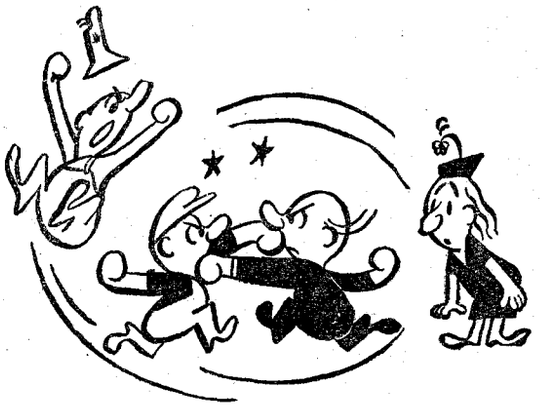
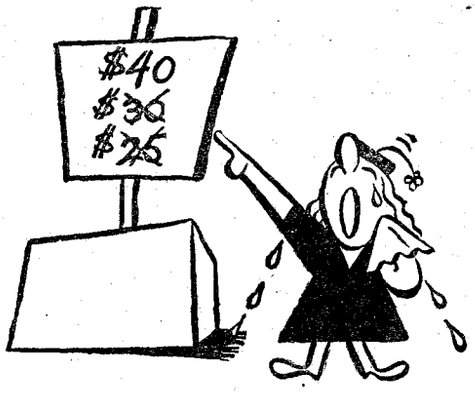


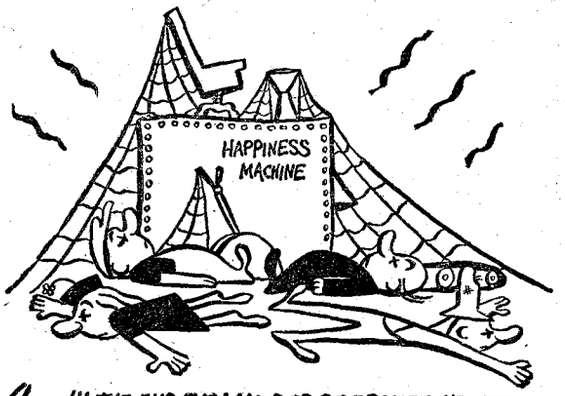
1 ONCE UPON A TIME A GROUP OF PEOPLE GOT TOGETHER AND BUILT THE BEST HAPPINESS MACHINE IN HISTORY...



2 BUT WHEN IT WAS READY THEY GOT TO FIGHTING OVER WHO SHOULD GET THE MOST HAPPINESS.



3 THEY KEPT FIGHTING... AND THE MACHINE SLOWED DOWN. SOON THE PRICE OF HAPPINESS SKYROCKETED!



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